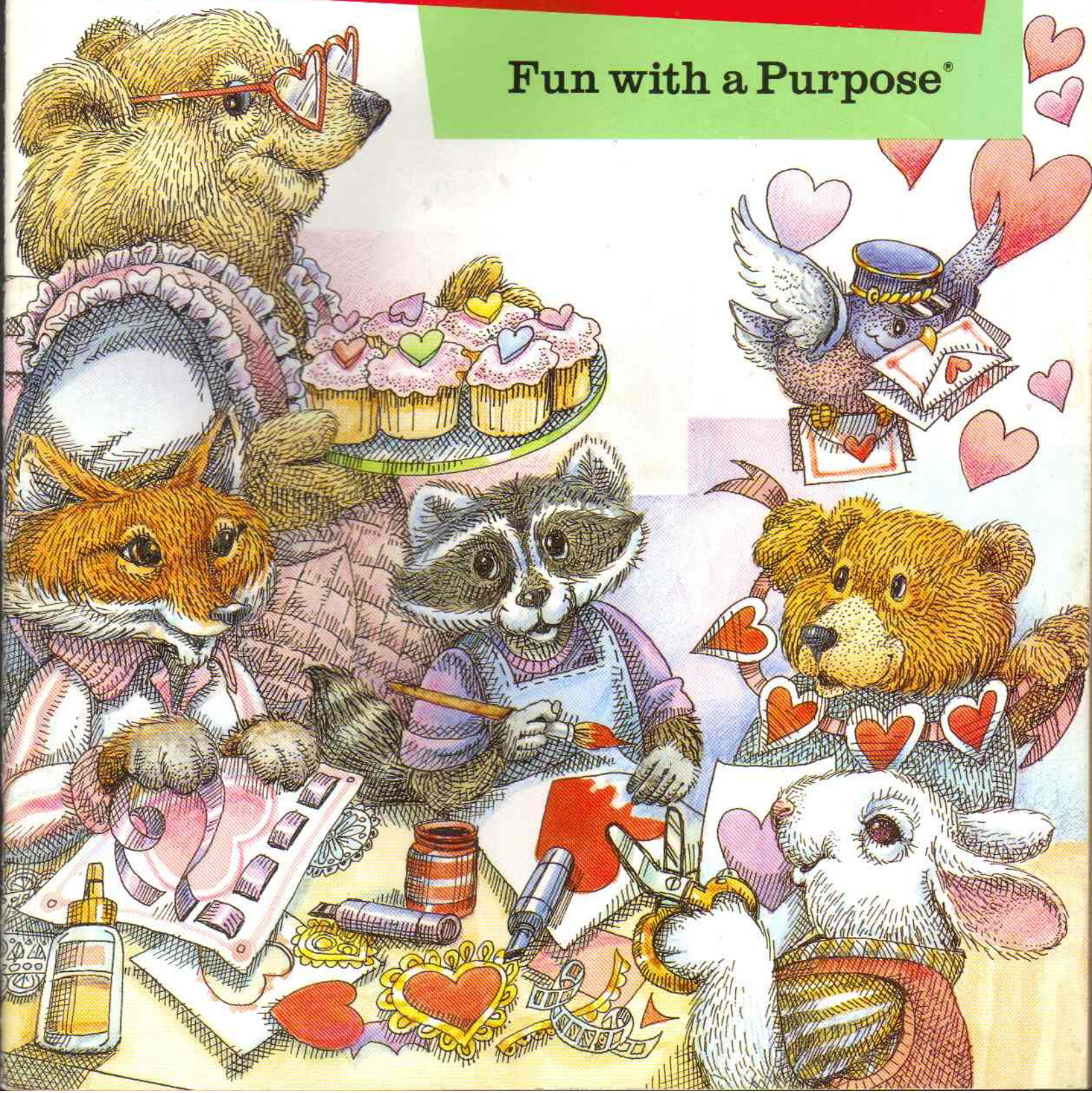


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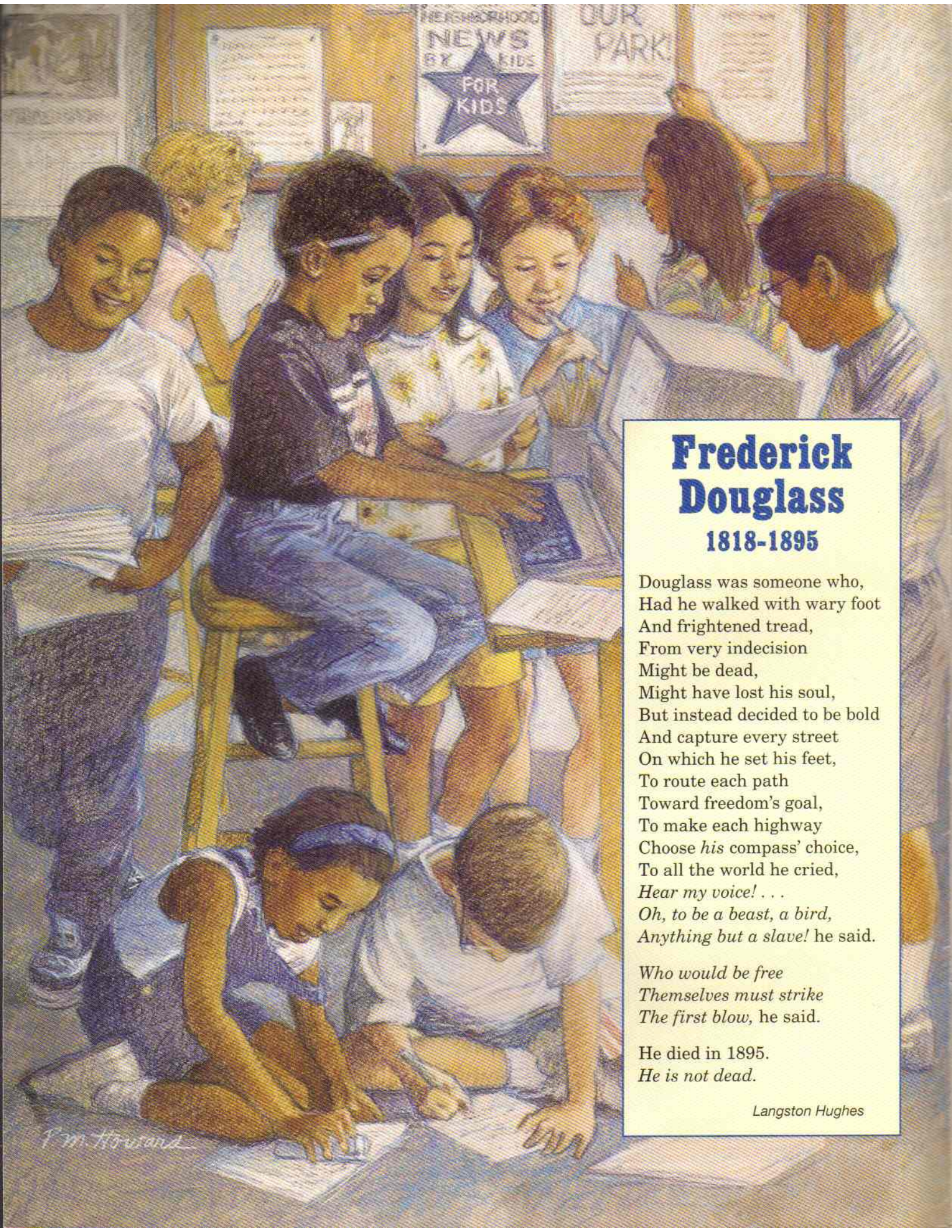
for Children

FEBRUARY 1997

Fun with a Purpose<sup>®</sup>







## Frederick Douglass

1818-1895

Douglass was someone who,  
Had he walked with wary foot  
And frightened tread,  
From very indecision  
Might be dead,  
Might have lost his soul,  
But instead decided to be bold  
And capture every street  
On which he set his feet,  
To route each path  
Toward freedom's goal,  
To make each highway  
Choose *his* compass' choice,  
To all the world he cried,  
*Hear my voice! . . .*  
*Oh, to be a beast, a bird,*  
*Anything but a slave!* he said.

*Who would be free  
Themselves must strike  
The first blow,* he said.

He died in 1895.  
*He is not dead.*

Langston Hughes

P. M. Howard





Find me!

# Highlights for Children®

FEBRUARY 1997

VOLUME 52 • NUMBER 2 • ISSUE NO. 544

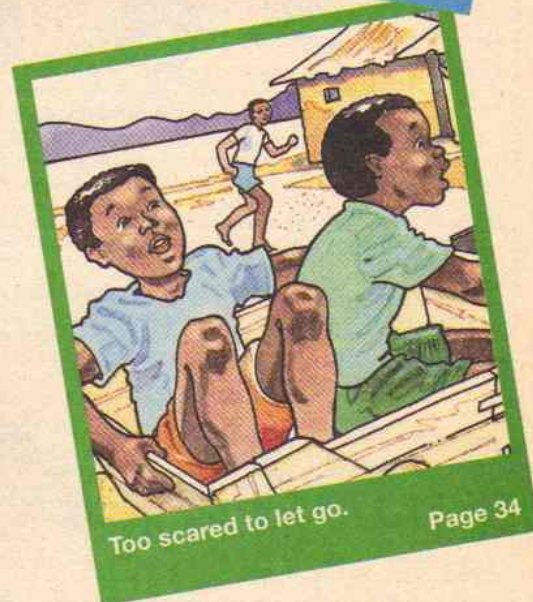
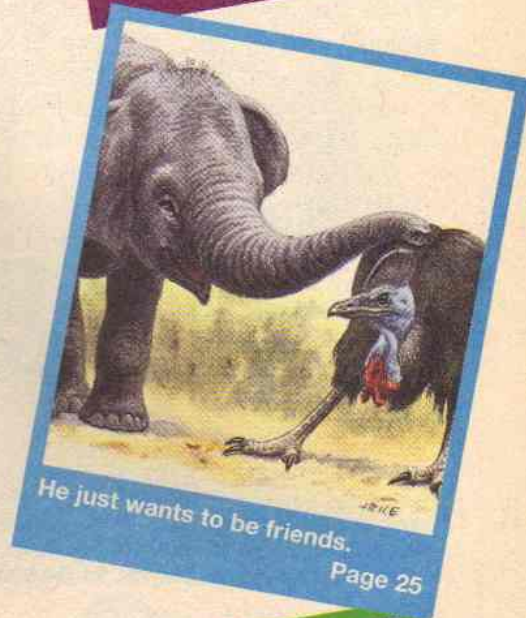
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Banged-up knees.  
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### PARENT-TEACHER GUIDE

READING ★ Prereading ◆ Easy ■ Advanced  
▲ CREATIVE THINKING ● MORAL VALUES



*This book of wholesome fun  
is dedicated to helping children grow  
in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness,  
in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others,  
in high ideals, and worthy ways of living—  
for children are the world's most important people.*

## From the Editor

Reading this issue's craft feature, "You Can Make It!", started me thinking that as a child I didn't like to make crafts. I tried to recall having any interest in that activity. I had to reach way back in my memory, but I finally did think of a paperweight I made long, long ago. I could actually see it, and I remembered the joy I felt when I gave it to my mother. She displayed it proudly and treasured it.

Then I remembered other things I had made and the times I spent creating them. There were two parts to all those memories: the fun of making things and the pleasure I felt when others admired them.

I realized that I had been a fairly active maker of crafts. I puzzled for a while about why I hadn't remembered that and why I still don't think of myself as much interested in making things.

Then I saw that wasn't really true. Nowadays I'm not making paperweights and pinecone critters, but I do work in my wood shop, and I am in the tenth year of building my house. I have made shelves and tables and a variety of gizmos.

My early exposure to the fun of creating has in fact carried over into my adult life. I just hadn't made the connection.

*Kent*

Kent L. Brown Jr., Editor

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Covers: Valentine's Day and What's Wrong? by Ron LeHew

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# The Spider and the King

Retold by Connie Nordhielm Wooldridge



*This tale is as familiar to British children as the legend of George Washington and the cherry tree is to American children.*

It was the winter of 1306, and Robert Bruce, newly crowned king of Scotland, sat shivering and hungry in a tiny hut on an Irish island. King Edward I of England, who had decided that he could rule Scotland very well himself, had beaten Bruce and his men in six battles and finally driven them out of their own country.

"If there ever was a time to give up, this is it," thought Bruce bitterly as he gnawed on a turnip he'd managed to find that day. His men had been scattered in the latest battle, and his only companion was a small spider,

busily at work on her web in a corner of the hut.

He watched as she struggled to attach one of her strands to a wooden rafter. Again and again, a blustery wind would sneak through the cracks of the hut and shake the thread loose. Again and again, she would begin the task of attaching it once more.

"You've also tried six times and failed, my friend," Bruce told her. "If there ever was a time to give up, this is it."

But she seemed not to hear. Patiently, a seventh time, she spun a thread, drew it to the

rafter, and this time . . . it held!

"My most humble apologies," said Bruce. "It seems that I was mistaken. If there ever was a time to make one more try, this is it!"

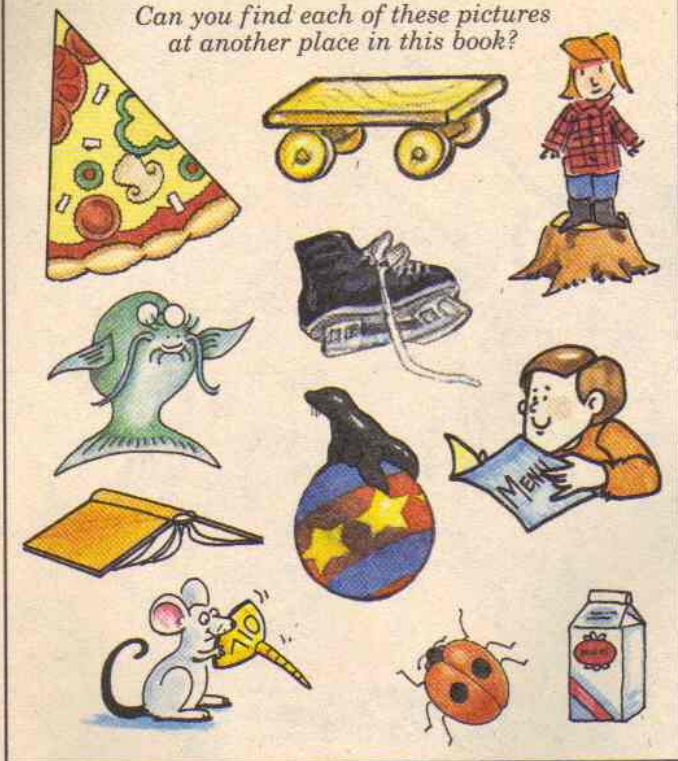
In the spring of that year, Robert Bruce returned to Scotland and began the task of gathering his men. Finally, in 1314, he led his forces against the English at Bannockburn. The Scots were badly outnumbered, but because of their strong determination and cunning strategy, they were able to drive out the English and free their land from foreign rule.

And it is said that to this very day everyone from the Scottish clan of Bruce is especially kind to spiders.



## Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?



## I Need My Knees, but No More, Please

I am very displeased to discover that knees can be banged up and bruised with incredible ease.

They're so bony and bumpy, lamentably lumpy, and sorer than sore when I crash on the floor or dance without looking right into the door—I'm just glad that I haven't got four!

Stan Lee Werlin



### Where have you seen a . . .



small fish

stop sign

fan

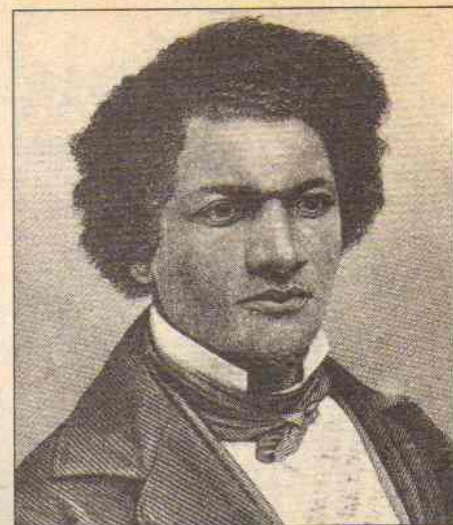
picture frame

feather

cash register

fire extinguisher

big truck



## Frederick Douglass 1818-1895

Frederick Douglass was born a slave. He felt the cruelty that lashed a slave's body and tried to shackle a slave's mind with ignorance. But his body and his mind were strong, and he escaped.

He started telling people the story of his life. He spoke so movingly and so forcefully that a great many who heard him joined the fight against slavery. He wrote his story in a book. Crowds now gathered in the northern United States and in Great Britain to listen to this extraordinary man.

Before long, Frederick Douglass was running his own newspaper, the *North Star*. As he grew older he was called to consult with Presidents, and

eventually he held high positions in the government.

### Frederick Douglass lives on in the vision he has left us.

Frederick Douglass believed in non-violence but never

hid his strong thoughts and feelings. Sometimes he made people uncomfortable because he expected so much of them, as of himself. All his life he urged men and women, black and white, rich and poor, to live by the great ideals on which the United States was founded. He worked tirelessly for freedom, for the right of everyone to be educated and to vote, and for lives of grace and dignity for all.

In the poem inside the front cover of this issue, poet Langston Hughes tells us, "He is not dead." Frederick Douglass lives on in the vision he left us of a great free country. And to help us make that vision come true for us all, he lives on in the example of his own heroic struggle for his ideals.



# Thinking

- Imagine you are here. What special sights, sounds, and smells strike you?

- Why do some people say it's wrong to have animals in circuses? What might circus people say?

- What acts can circus folk perform that most of us would find just about impossible? Why can they do them?
- What circus acts could you do? Which would you like to do? Imagine yourself doing them!



# Mrs. Doosilly's Car Won't Open

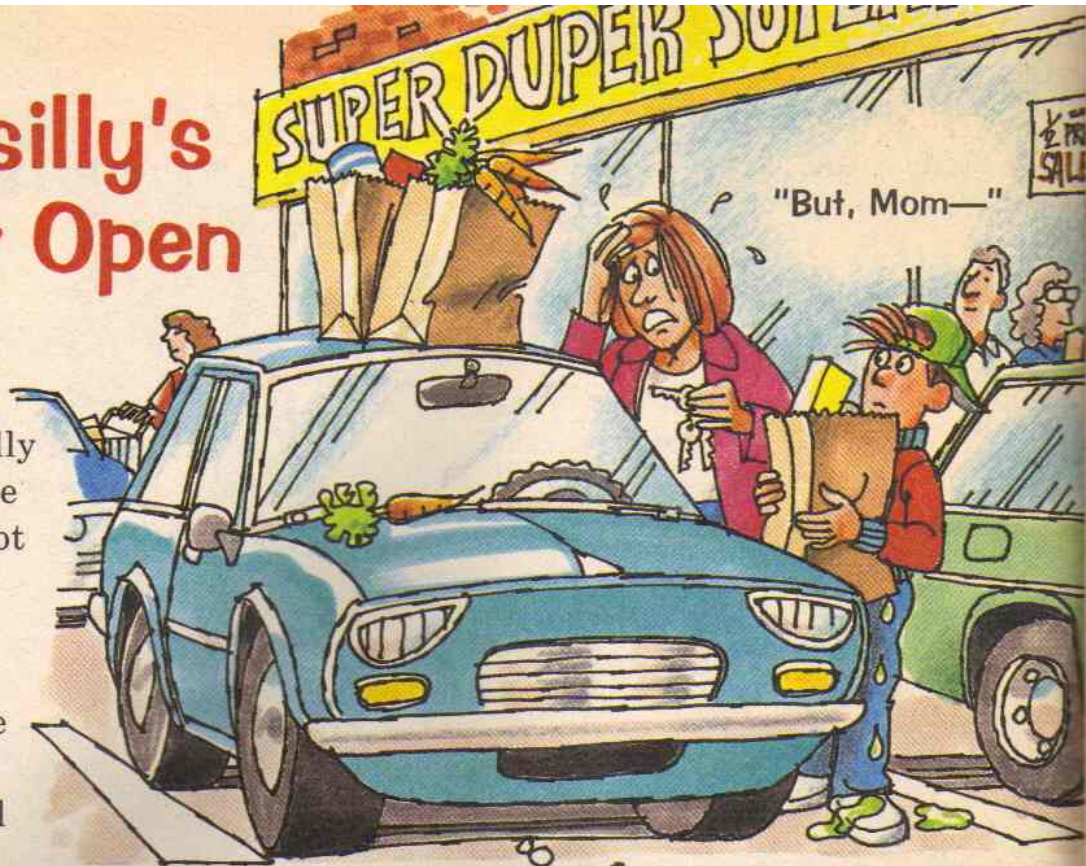
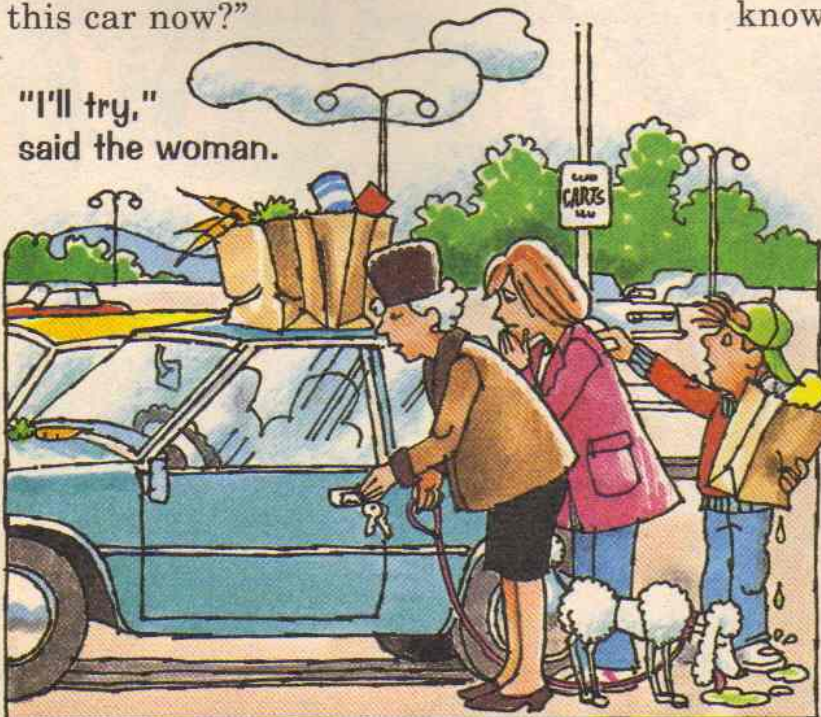
By Carolyn Crimi

**M**rs. Doosilly and Willy Doosilly came out to the supermarket parking lot with their arms full of grocery bags. Willy Doosilly held the bag with the mint chocolate chip ice cream.

"Hurry, Willy, or we'll be late for your oboe lesson," said Mrs. Doosilly as she hurried to the car. She tried to unlock the door on the driver's side. Nothing happened. She turned the key again, but the door still would not unlock.

"Oh, honestly!" said Mrs. Doosilly. "What in the world is the matter with this car now?"

"I'll try,"  
said the woman.



Mrs. Doosilly tried unlocking the door on the other side. She tried the door in the back. None of them would open. She peered through the window of the car and sighed.

"Well, something is definitely the matter," said Mrs. Doosilly. "I don't know what to do."

"But, Mom—" said Willy.

"Please be quiet!" said Mrs. Doosilly. "I have to think of something to do."

Just then a woman walked by with a French poodle on a leash.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Doosilly. "I can't unlock my car, my son is late for his oboe lesson, and our ice cream is melting. Can you help?"

"I'll try," said the woman. First she tried the door on the driver's side. Then she tried the door on the other side. Then she



tried the back door. None of them would open. She and her French poodle peered into the windows.

"I can't get it open," she said.

"Oh my," said Mrs. Doosilly. "Neither can I. What can I do?"

"But, Mom—" said Willy.

"Hush, Willy, while I think of something."

A man walked by humming a little tune.

"Excuse me, sir, but I can't get into my car, my son is late for his oboe lesson, and our ice cream is melting. Can you help?"

"Why, certainly," said the man. He hummed while he tried the door on the driver's side. He hummed while he tried the door on the other side. He hummed while he tried the back door. Finally he stopped humming and peered through the car window.

"Something's wrong," said the man.

"Very wrong," said the woman with the French poodle.

"Oh my," said Mrs. Doosilly. "What can I do now?"

"But, Mom—" said Willy.

"Quiet, Willy," said Mrs. Doosilly.

"Something must be done!"

Mrs. Doosilly stopped a Girl Scout troop as they were walking by, a soccer team on their way to a game, a clown on his way to the circus, a marching band on its way to a parade, and a kindergarten class on their way to the zoo. No one could help. They all waited to see what Mrs. Doosilly would do.

"I guess I'll have to break the car window," said Mrs. Doosilly. She took a can of peas out of the bag. Then she wound up her arm as if she were a baseball pitcher.

"NO, MOM, WAIT!" shouted Willy. Everyone turned to look at him.

"Oh, Willy, what is it?"

"That's our car over there!" said Willy.

And so it was.

Mrs. Doosilly thanked everyone for their help. Then she and Willy drove home. It was too late for Willy's oboe lesson, so they drank mint chocolate chip soup instead.





# DINO DON'S DINOSAUR DAYS

## Fossil Hunting

**Where are the most dinosaur bones found?**

*Kolbe Heroux, Age 8  
East Longmeadow, Massachusetts*

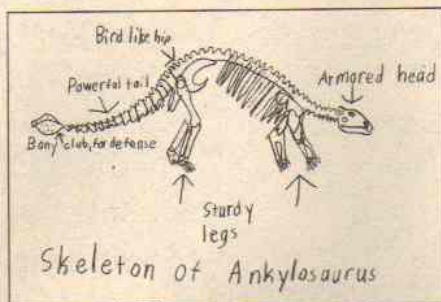
More kinds of dinosaurs have been found in North America than anywhere else. The one spot where the most dinosaur types have been found (thirty-seven of them) is Dinosaur Provincial Park in Alberta, Canada.

But there are many more dinosaurs yet to be discovered in other places. Dinosaur remains have been found in more than one hundred countries.

**Are there other clues from dinosaurs, other than bones?**

*Latoya Watkins, Age 10  
Newport News, Virginia*

There are many clues about dinosaurs besides bones. These fossils include footprints, teeth, eggs, skin impressions, and even dino droppings.



*Mike Chrzanowski, Age 8  
Chicago, Illinois*

**What type of soil are fossils usually found in?**

*Marcus Hicks, Age 8  
Riverside, California*

Fossils are usually found in sandstone and mudstone that was formed from sediment laid down in streams, ponds, or lakes. Streams were especially good places for dinosaur bones to be covered gently and quickly. Sediment covered them, and over many millions of years, the sediment was compressed into stone with fossils inside it.



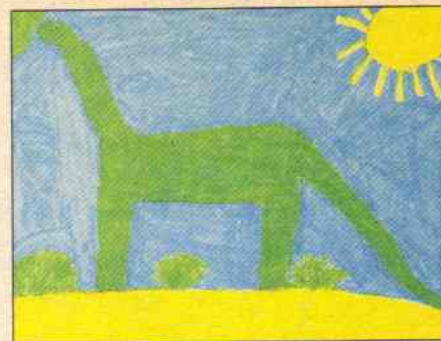
*Dustin Bythrow, Age 8  
Fort Dix, New Jersey*

### The World Long Ago

The world had dinosaurs, all lying around, hunting their prey and gobbling it down.

Now we find bones to study and keep, and they were found in the ground deeeep, deep, deep.

*Christine Lion, Age 9  
Hamden, Connecticut*



*Tess Miller, Age 10  
Blue Mounds, Wisconsin*

**If I find a dinosaur bone, what should I do with it?**

*Drew Diodato, Age 9  
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania*

If you found a dinosaur bone, it would belong to the person who owns the property where it was found. If that person says you can keep it, it's yours! Then you should show it to a scientist who studies fossils. If he or she thinks the bone is important enough that scientists should study it, then it would be nice if you gave the fossil to a museum or university.



*Katie Rothe, Age 5  
Colorado Springs, Colorado*

### Write to Dino Don!



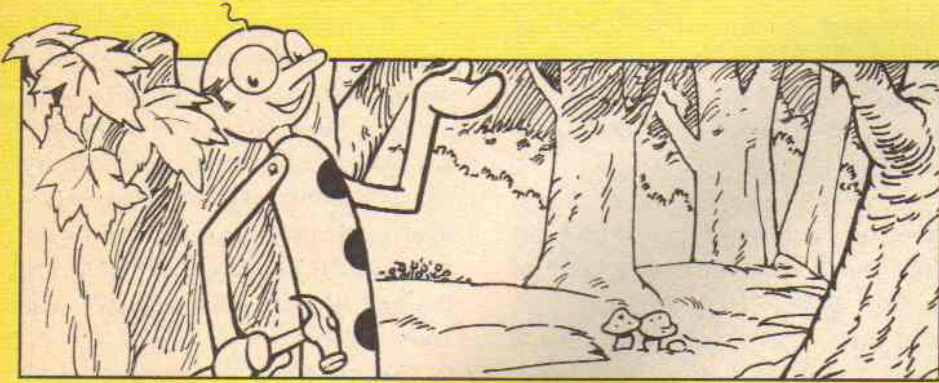
Do you have a drawing, joke, question, or other contribution for Dino Don? Include your name, age, and complete address, and mail to

**Dino Don**  
Highlights for Children  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431

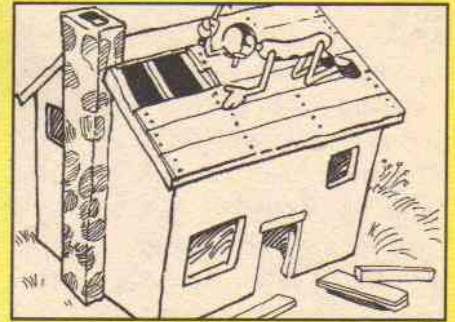


# THE TIMBERTOES

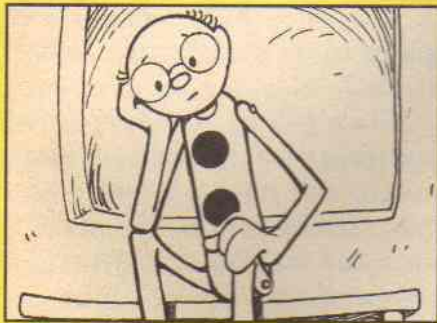
By Marileta Robinson



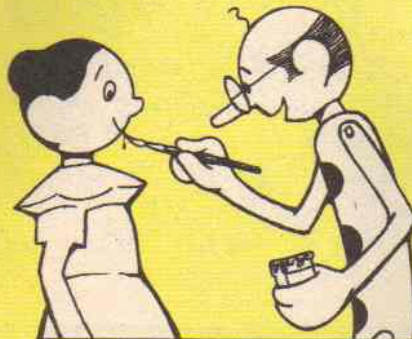
Once there was a little wooden man named Mr. Timbertoe.



He built himself a house.



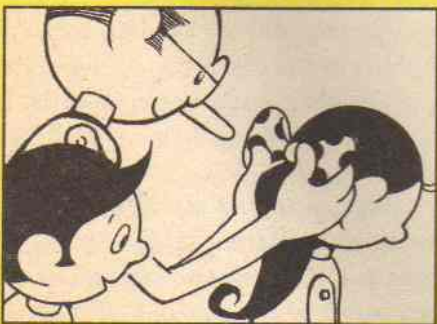
But he felt lonely.



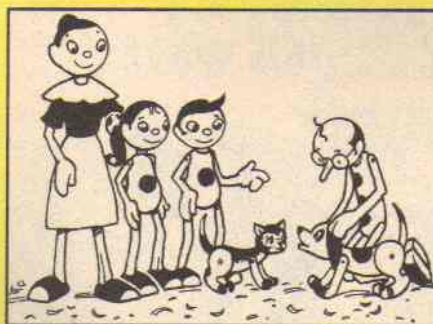
So he carved a wife.



He made a son, Tommy,



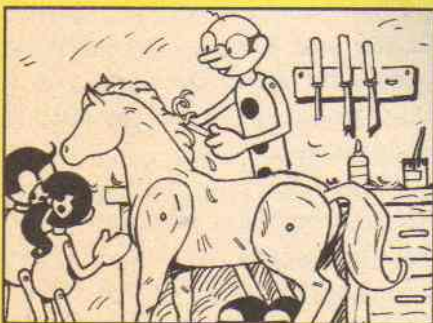
and a daughter, Mabel.



He made a cat and a dog,



a duck, a goat, a lamb,



and a pony.



Mr. Timbertoe wasn't lonely anymore!



# Hand-Me-Down Dreams

By Linda Price Jardini

**M**ikey pressed her cheek against the cold windowpane and watched the gray clouds roll across the winter sky. She was imagining herself at the Olympics, spinning across an ice rink in a sequined red skating dress and white figure skates. The crowd threw bouquets, and the judges stood to applaud her.

Her brother, Robert, slapped her on the back. "I'm ready, Mikey. Let's go skating."

"An ice storm is due later tonight," warned Mom. "If the weather should get worse, come right home."

"We'll be home early," said Robert. "This is Mikey's first time on skates. Her ankles won't last long."

"You just don't want to be seen with your little sister," teased Mikey. Robert pulled Mikey's hat

down over her eyes and strode out the door. Mikey picked up her skates and followed him, her snowsuit *swish-swishing* as she walked.

Leaning against the wind, brother and sister walked on hard-packed snow to the edge of town. There they crossed the railroad tracks and slid down a long, steep hill to the Mill Pond. Two of Robert's friends, Brian and Ron, were already there playing hockey.

"Where is everyone else?" Robert asked, putting on his skates.

"The storm warning must have scared them," Ron said.

Mikey pushed her feet into her cold black hockey skates.

---

## Did Olympic figure skaters really start this way?

"I'll lace them for you," Robert grumbled. "You're too slow. Hey, aren't those my old skates?"

"Yes. Mom wouldn't let me get white figure skates," said Mikey. "She wouldn't let me wear a short skating dress either. How can I be a beautiful skating star in black hockey skates and a puffy old snowsuit?"

"Maybe you'll be a professional hockey player!" said Robert, laughing.

"No way!" Mikey said. "I'm going to be an Olympic figure skater."

When Mikey stood up, her ankles caved in against each other. She hobbled across the snow, but as soon as she stepped onto the ice, her feet flew out from under her.

"Maybe the snowsuit was a good idea," she thought, lying on her back looking up at the gathering dark clouds. Robert helped her to her feet.

"Go play with your friends," she said, pushing him away. "I'm fine."

With great effort Mikey kept her ankles straight. She skated pretty well until she tripped over a clump of frozen cattails and sprawled on her belly.

"It doesn't look this hard on TV," she thought, getting to her hands and knees. She tried to stand, but every time she put a skate on the ice, it took off with a will of its own.

"Dig your points in," called Robert from across the pond. She dug the point of one skate into the ice, then the point of the other, and stood up. Mikey staggered around the pond with her arms outstretched, looking more like





Frankenstein's monster than an Olympic figure skater. Then, above the howl of the wind she heard Robert call, "Come here, Mikey. We need a goalie."

"I don't know how to play," said Mikey when she had worked her way over.

"All you have to do is keep the puck from crossing the goal line," Robert said, pointing to a line scratched into the ice. "Just stand here. At least they'll have to shoot around you."

"I brought an extra mask and stick," said Ron, pulling a heavy wire mask over Mikey's head. "I see you wore your own padding."

A freezing rain began to fall. Squinting, Mikey watched Ron shoot the puck toward her. She lunged for it with her stick, but she slipped and fell.

"Way to go, Mikey!" Robert cheered.

"Don't make fun of me!" Mikey shouted back. Then she noticed that she had fallen on top of the puck.

"Great save!" said Robert, lifting her up.

"Beginner's luck," muttered Ron.

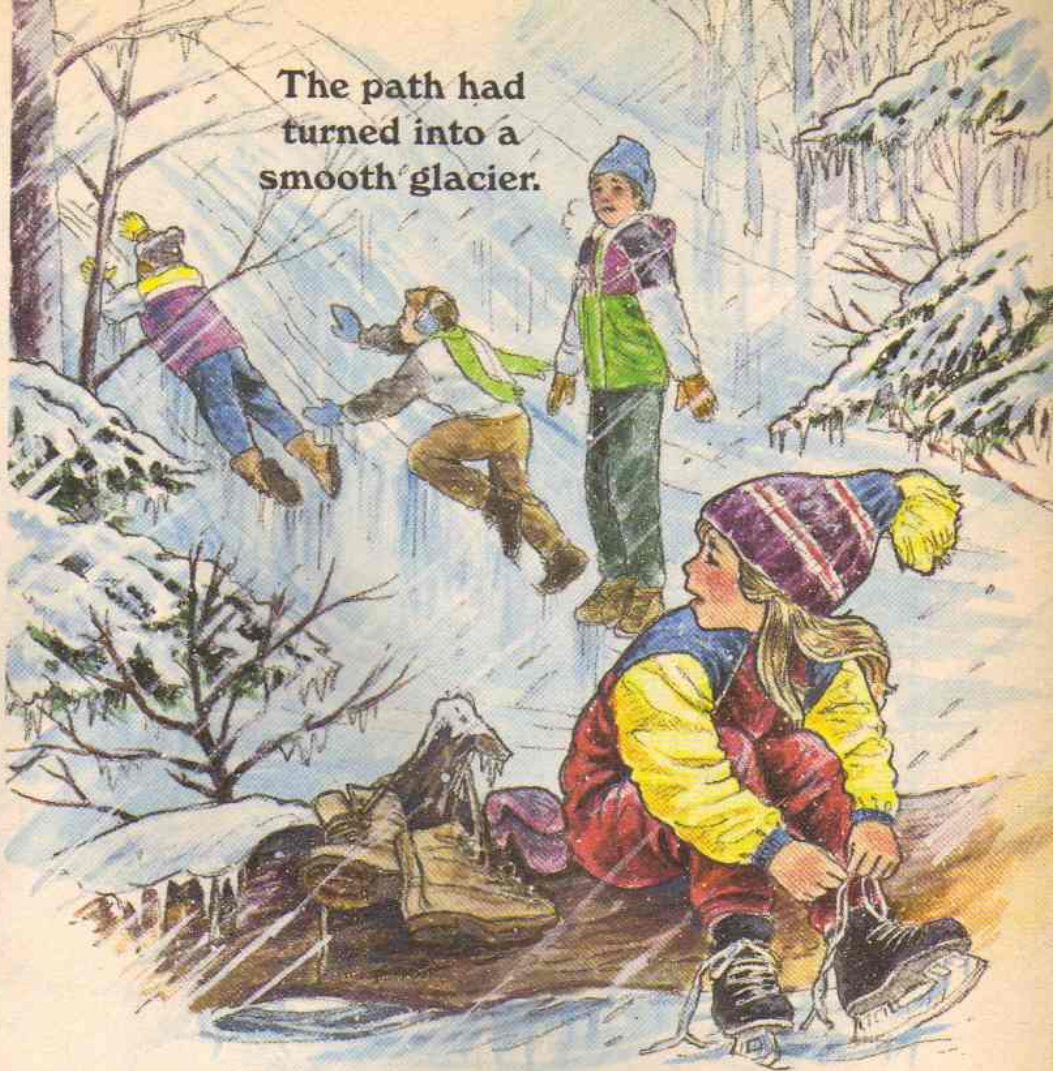
The boys skated off again. This time Brian took the puck and skated straight at Mikey. Forgetting her freezing feet and aching ankles, she focused on the puck sliding through the sleet and ice. Just when she thought Brian would hit her, he swerved, aiming the puck between her feet. Mikey dropped to her knees, trapping the puck in front of the goal line.

"Another great save!" Robert spun her around. "Come on, guys, admit it! She's got guts."

Suddenly Mikey noticed the sharp needles of ice stinging her face. The wind was whipping waves of sleet across the pond.

"We'd better go," said Brian.

The path had  
turned into a  
smooth glacier.



The edge of the pond was barely visible. Before Mikey reached the shore, the boys were out of their skates. A layer of solid ice had formed on top of the snow.

"I've never seen anything freeze so fast," said Brian. He tried to climb the hill but kept sliding back down.

Mikey's soggy laces tangled around her ankles. Blinking sleet from her eyelashes, she struggled to get out of her skates.

"Let's try crawling," Robert suggested to Brian. "But first toss up your gear."

The three boys threw their hockey gear to the top of the hill and tried crawling up the path, but the sleet had created a smooth glacier with nothing to hold on to.

"We're stuck here!" cried Ron.

Mikey remembered Robert's

words: *Dig your points in.*

"I know what to do!" Mikey shouted, retying her skates. She jabbed the points of her skates into the ice to keep from sliding backward and climbed slowly up the hill. When she reached the top, she tossed the boys' skates down to them, and they inched up the hill after her.

By the time they reached the top, the sleet had changed to fluffy snow. The street lights came on, transforming the ice-coated world into a dazzling winter fairyland. Robert and Brian held Mikey's arms, Ron carried the equipment, and they skated home right up the middle of the street. Mikey imagined that they were skating a victory lap around the Olympic rink and she was a member of a gold-medal hockey team.



# Hidden Pictures

## The Cat and the Fiddle



In this big picture find the hiking shoe, paper clip, bell, mitten, eyeglasses, ring, snake, fish, book, heart, pencil, high-heeled shoe, hammer, woodpecker, rabbit, and glove.

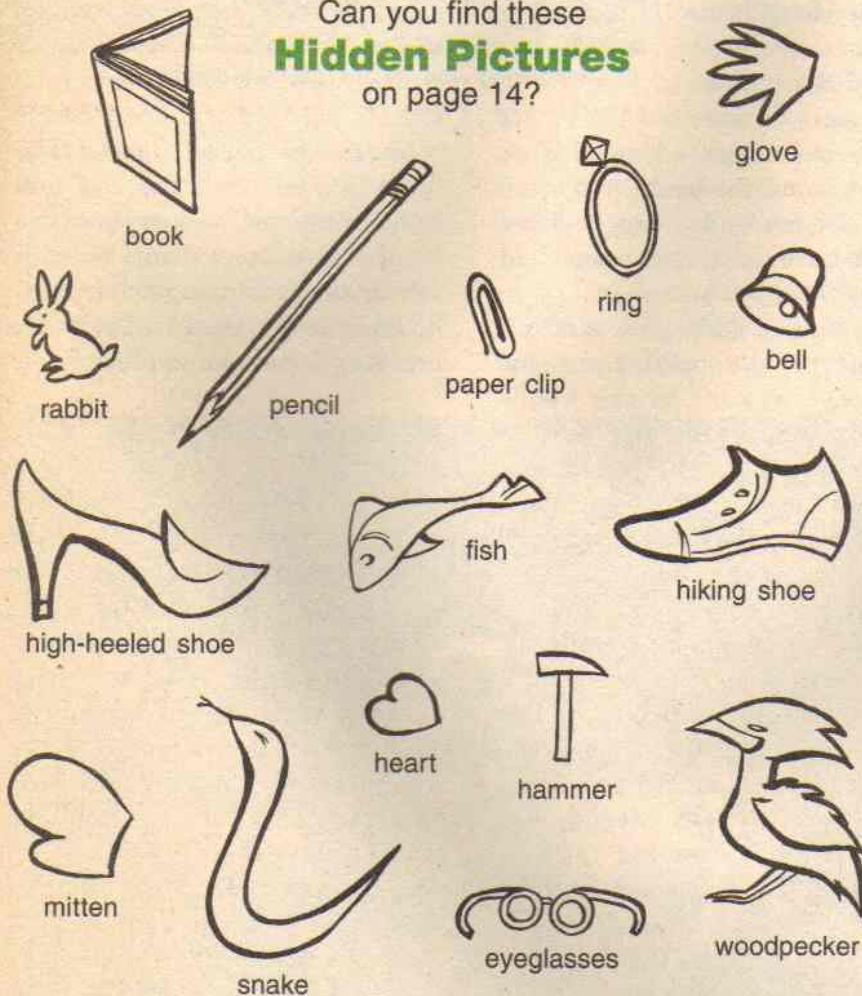


## The Cat and the Fiddle

Hey, diddle, diddle!  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed  
To see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



Can you find these  
**Hidden Pictures**  
on page 14?



## Which can you do?

- touch your chin with your eyes closed
- spell your full name backward
- walk around in a circle three times on your heels and three times on your toes
- spin a coin on the table



**Teacher:** "Please spell *mouse*."

**Meredith:** "M-O-U-S."

**Teacher:** "But what's on the end?"

**Meredith:** "A tail."

*Lorena Arróspide, Belgium*

**Ross:** "A nickel and a dime were sitting on a bridge. The nickel jumped. Why didn't the dime?"

**Brandyn:** "It had more cents than the nickel."

*Aleshia Thompson, Indiana*

A police officer stopped a woman who was driving with two penguins in her back seat. The police officer said, "Why don't you take those penguins to the zoo?"

The woman said, "We went there yesterday. Today we're going to the movies."

*Joshua Wallace, Massachusetts*

**Audra:** "Why are you running a steamroller over your field?"

**Jared:** "I thought it would be fun to raise mashed potatoes this year."

*Lance Beeson, Louisiana*

**Marge:** "Can you telephone from the space shuttle?"

**Alice:** "Of course I can tell a phone from the space shuttle. The phone's the one with the long cord."

*Jessica St. Clair, Florida*

**Dad:** "Why did you get a zero on your test?"

**Ben:** "That's not a zero. That's a moon. The teacher ran out of stars."

*Lou Imbrogno, New York*

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431



Charles Pilling  
taught himself  
how to breed  
ducks. Now he  
teaches others.

# Mr. Pilling's Pond

By Patricia Nikolina Clark

Charles Pilling was only twelve years old when he dug his first duck pond—using a shovel and a wheelbarrow.

"I was always crazy about birds—all birds," Charles says. "When I was a kid, if I saw a bird I didn't know, I would jump on my bicycle and ride over to the University of Washington Museum. I'd look

at all the mounted specimens until I found the bird I had seen. Then I'd read all about it. They didn't have all those fancy field guides then, you know."

He laughs. "My poor mother. Whenever she needed me for chores, I was off in the woods looking at birds. She finally got a police whistle, and when she wanted me for something, she'd stand at the back door and blow that thing until I came."

Then the family doctor gave Charles three crippled mallards, and Charles suddenly needed a good place to keep ducks. The

pond he dug, about ten feet across and three feet deep, was on his father's dairy farm near Seattle, Washington. That was more than seventy years ago.



Charles Pilling was always interested in birds.

Today, the pond is larger. The farm is gone, and the city has grown outward and around the pond. But Mr. Pilling is still raising ducks on his pond. In fact, he is known as an expert on breeding certain kinds of ducks.

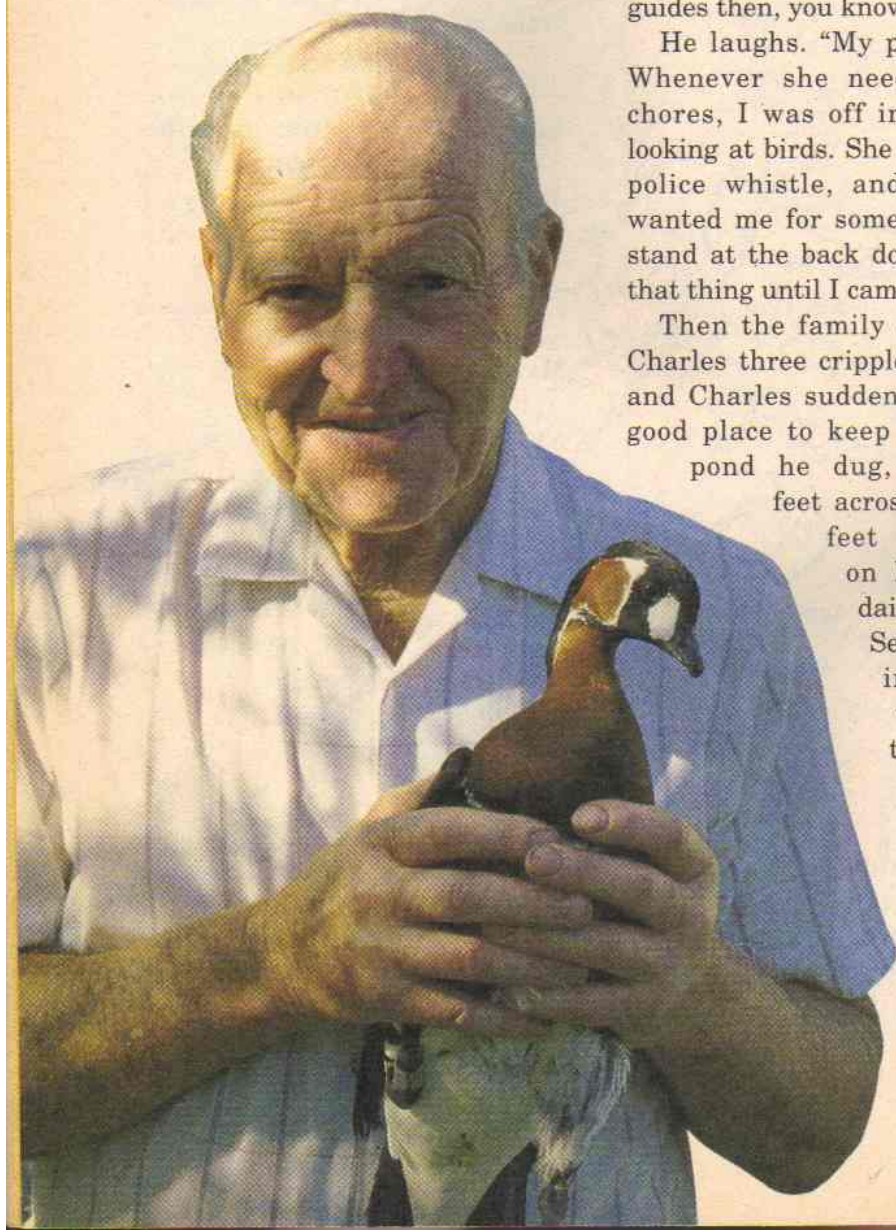
## Mallards and Wood Ducks

In the 1920s, soon after young Charles Pilling had created his little pond, he had a whole flock of mallards living on it. But people who worked for the state Fish and Wildlife Department noticed the birds. "They told me I couldn't raise ducks without a permit, and I was too young to apply for one," he says. "So they took away all the ducks except my original three."

Charles wanted to study the science of birds, or *ornithology*. But when he graduated from high school, his family had no money for college. He took a job delivering coal to homes by carrying it in sacks on his back. At night he kept enlarging his pond and learning more about birds on his own.

The Fish and Wildlife Department finally gave Charles a license to keep and breed birds.

Mr. Pilling  
with a  
Siberian  
goose.





He was now a young man, and he wanted to raise wood ducks, which were scarce at that time.

At last, he was allowed to keep a live pair. But first he read everything he could about wood ducks. Then he watched how wood ducks nest in nature.

He learned that they laid their eggs in dead, hollow trees, sometimes using abandoned woodpecker nests. One day he sat in a boat, hidden by reeds, and watched a wood-duck nesting area. When three young wood ducks came swimming toward him, he sat very still as they came close. He watched as they picked insects off floating lily pads and ate seeds that had blown into the water.

"That was an important discovery for me," says Mr. Pilling. "I realized that baby wood ducks depended on insects and seeds in the water."

Back at his own pond, he immediately used this new information. He made nesting houses out of an old rotting log. Then he sent away for mealworms and crickets, which he kept in his freezer. Finally, three years later, he had healthy baby wood ducks in his pond.

### Wounded Ducks

In 1951, someone gave Mr. Pilling a wounded female hooded merganser. Her injury was on one wing, and the wing had to be amputated. Since she couldn't fly, she stayed in or near the pond. Mr. Pilling's search for a male (or *drake*) hooded merganser ended four years later, when a friend sent him one that was injured.

"That drake was in pretty rough shape," he says. "It had a badly broken wing and shotgun pellets in its hip."

Mr. Pilling kept the injured duck in his house, feeding it fish and shrimp mixed with game-bird feed. "I had to push all the food down his throat with the eraser end of a pencil because he would *not* eat by himself," he says.

After three months, the drake finally began eating on its own. Mr. Pilling put him out on the pond and introduced him to his mate. They took to each other, and the very next spring the female laid six eggs. Mr. Pilling knew that hooded mergansers had never been bred in captivity before, so he was elated. But he took the eggs away from the mother and put them under a bantam hen to hatch.

"That sounds mean, but see, in the wild, those ducks pick a secret place to nest—away from all the other ducks," he says. "In my

*Continued on page 18*



Mr. Pilling's pond today.



Continued from page 17

little pond, they can't get away. The mother spends so much time driving away other ducks that she neglects her babies."

The banty hen made a good incubator—and a good mother—but Mr. Pilling couldn't leave the ducklings with her for more than three weeks after they hatched. Being a land bird, the hen would have taught them to stay away from the water.

### Feeding Ducklings

"It was a real hassle raising those baby mergansers," says Mr. Pilling. "The babies refused to eat the same food we had fed the baby wood ducks. So I went back to watching them in the wild." He shakes his head. "That's how I learned that baby mergansers have to see their insects *moving*. They won't recognize dead insects and eat them like the wood ducks did."

So Mr. Pilling went to streams to collect freshwater shrimp and tadpoles. He laughs about it now. "The little ducks would eat those

like crazy! Then one time I went over to Puget Sound and collected a bunch of sand fleas. I'm telling you, I was awful busy trying to keep those little ducks alive."

He succeeded, and the young hooded mergansers thrived. His achievement brought him instant recognition from ornithologists.

Today, Mr. Pilling proudly displays three *First Breeding Awards*. He received them from the International Wild Waterfowl Association for being the first person in the world to breed three kinds of ducks in captivity: the hooded merganser (1955), bufflehead (1964), and harlequin duck (1977). In 1990, he went to Nova Scotia to be inducted into the association's Hall of Fame—only the fourth person to receive that high honor.

Now he gets calls from all over the world for his advice about breeding ducks, and every spring, ornithology classes come from the University of Washington to see the many different species of ducks and geese on his pond. The man who couldn't afford to go to

college now teaches college students about birds.

### The Pond's Future

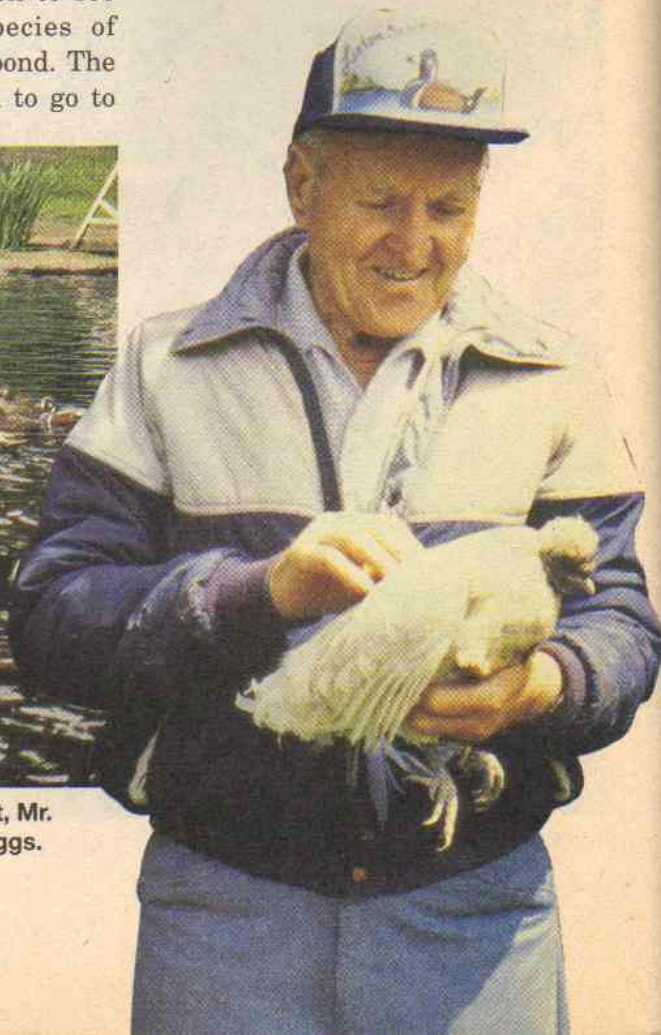
Mr. Pilling keeps a cyclone fence around his pond. Kids linger there on their way to school, and taxicab drivers park at the curb to watch the pond activity while they eat lunch.

Now eighty-five years old, Mr. Pilling worries about what will happen to his ducks when he is gone. Last fall he noticed a boy—about fourteen years old—who spent a lot of time at his fence watching the ducks and geese. He began talking to the boy.

"The kid was crazy about ducks," says Mr. Pilling. "He reminded me of myself at that age, so I gave him a pair of wood ducks. That boy raised ten babies his first year!" His eyes crinkle in a secretive smile. "Maybe I've found my replacement."






Many different species of water birds live in Mr. Pilling's pond. At right, Mr. Pilling takes care of a banty hen, which is a good incubator of duck eggs.







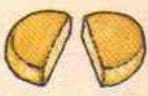





# Kevin's Cake


By MaryEllen Uthlaut


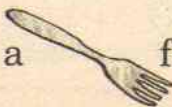
 Kevin asked his  
 mom, "Will you help me  
make a cake in the shape of a  heart?"

"Sure,"  Mom answered. They baked  one cake  
in a square  pan. They baked  one cake in a round  
 pan and cut it into  two  halves. Together  
the cakes made a big cake in the shape of a  heart!

"Now the cake needs  frosting,"  Kevin said.  
 Kevin and  Mom made  frosting from  
 butter, powdered  sugar, and  milk. They  
spread it on the cake. "May I write a  valentine  
message on the cake?"  Kevin asked.

"Sure,"  Mom answered. She put some  
 frosting into a tube.  Kevin wrote "I LOVE YOU."

"But who is the cake for?"  Mom asked.

 Kevin smiled. "I'll get you a  fork," he said.



# Our Own Stories



## The Unicorn

I saw a unicorn fly through the sky with wings as big as kites, with a big fluffy tail and mane. His hooves were gold.

I told my mom, and she didn't believe me. I told my dad, and he didn't believe me either.

But I told my brother, and he believed me, and to this day, we see the unicorn fly by every night.

*Megan Mills, Age 9  
Marine City, Michigan*

## My Favorite Place to Fish



One time in Sussex County, New Jersey, under the wavy waters of Lake Owassa, Old Man Catfish was telling a story to his grandchildren. It was about when he was little and almost got caught by Pete the fisherman (my dad).

"Well, young'uns, Pete was always trying to catch me by buying new fishing equipment and different kinds of bait.

"One time Pete went out in his new boat with his new equipment and new bait. He took his dog, H.T. (Hat Trick), with him. H.T. was so excited he almost jumped out of the boat!

"That day Pete only got to throw his baited hook in one time because while he was baiting his hook, H.T. was busy eating the rest of the bait. So, Pete never did catch me, and I had a good laugh!"

*Rita Elston, Age 8  
Newton, New Jersey*

## The Tale About the Tail

Jim was pretty fast for his eight years, so when he found the lizard in his Washington, D.C., backyard, he was after it at once. When Jim finally caught up with it, he grabbed for its tail. But something caught Jim's attention. It was the lizard's tail. It was alive!

Jim looked at the tail as it formed a head, legs, and a long spiked tail. It grew larger and larger until it was ten stories high and about five hundred feet long. It was gigantic! It stormed off after swallowing Jim whole.

The entire city was terrified. The army, navy, air force, and marines were after the monster. A group of scientists went to Jim's neighborhood to find an eyewitness. They found a lady who was Jim's next-door neighbor.

## My Hair Journey

On February 23, 1996, I was working with my electric switches in my electricity box when I heard this—BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ. Suddenly, an electrifying shock happened. WAP! I was beamed into an electron. I flew into the air and into my teacher Mrs. Fratto's hair.

Of course, Mrs. Fratto had no idea what happened to me. She wandered around asking where I was. (I could see all of what happened from a top view. This was good because I still got an education.)

I made my way through the brown hairs of Mrs. Fratto. I slid down the back of her head and hit her black bow. Then I came upon a wrestling match between

She told them what had happened. The scientists knew from what she said that the tail would die in about two hours.



Godzilla and Gargantua heard about the new monster and came over from Tokyo to see who it was. The three of them played house with the Pentagon. When two hours had gone by, the new monster died. Godzilla and Gargantua went back to Tokyo.

Some scientists opened the monster and found a car, a dog, Jim, and a Radio Shack. Out of all those things, Jim and a Timex watch were still ticking.

So Jim lived to tell the tale about the tail.

*Mitchell Dugger, Age 13  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*

protons and neutrons. One even broke in half! I tried to get away, but I couldn't. They captured me and put me in the Black Bow Prison. If only I could tell Mrs. Fratto!

There was a nice electron that came to visit me. He had an escape plan. I squeezed through the brown hair bars. Next, I rolled all the way down Mrs. Fratto. I then flew through the air, into my battery on my desk, and—BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ—I was back.

Mrs. Fratto asked, "What happened?"

I said, "Bad hair day!"

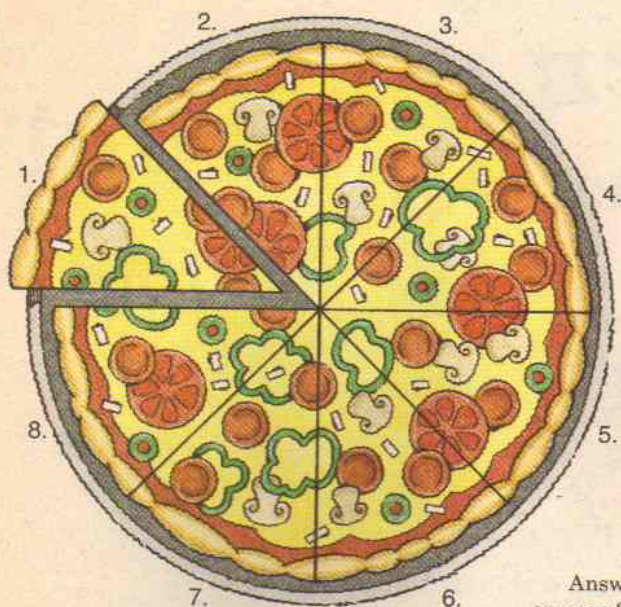
*Jessica Metzler, Age 9  
McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania*

Please keep writing your stories and sharing them with us and others.



## Another Piece of Pizza, Please

Which two pieces of pizza are most alike?



Answer  
on page 39.



Why do we write thank-you notes?

Why might you send a postcard  
while on vacation?

Why do people take photographs?

## Fact or Opinion?

Which of these are facts? Which are opinions?

The computer hasn't been working all day.

No one could want a bicycle more than Kathleen.

My baby brother looks so cute in his new cap!

The veterinarian said my dog needs to have shots.

Brian is good at fixing things.

That was Grandma Lois on the phone.

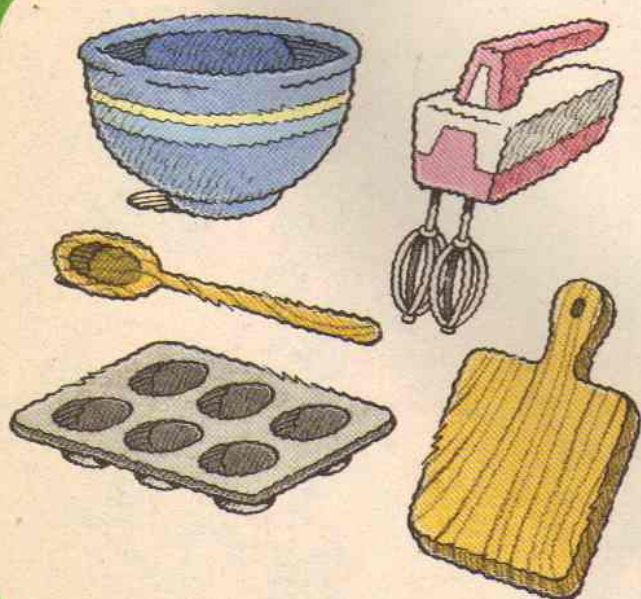
Scott already bought the tickets.

This band has never performed a better concert.



## Matching

Look at each object on the left. Find one like it on the right.





# Have You Seen the Wind?

By Irene Cerklewski

*When the wind comes, go with it.*

**A** little seed climbed out of its pod and puffed itself into a fluffy ball. It felt uncertain about this large new world, and it hung on to the edge of the pod.

"What's next?" it asked.

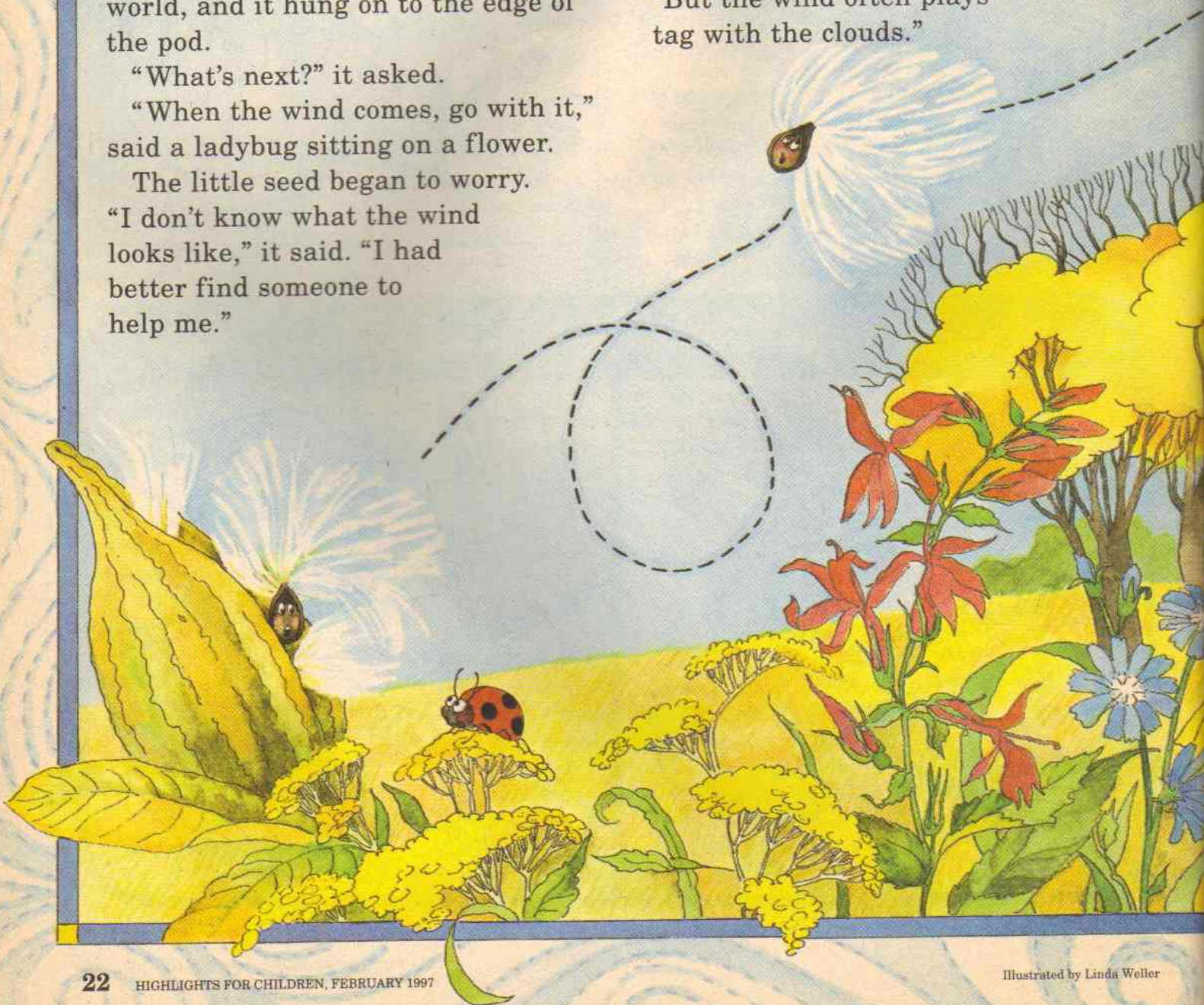
"When the wind comes, go with it," said a ladybug sitting on a flower.

The little seed began to worry. "I don't know what the wind looks like," it said. "I had better find someone to help me."


**I**t drifted up toward the sky. "Have you seen the wind?" it asked the sky.

"No, I haven't," the sky replied.

"But the wind often plays tag with the clouds."







**T**he little seed went to the clouds. "Have you seen the wind?" it asked.

"No, we haven't, but the wind sings and dances with the trees," they answered.

**T**he little seed drifted down to the trees. "Could you tell me what the wind looks like? I need to find it."

"We haven't seen the wind, but when the flowers in the meadow bend their heads, we know the wind is gently stroking them," said the trees.

**T**he little seed drifted down to the meadow and asked the flowers. "Could you please tell me what the wind looks like? I need to find it, so it can take me to my new home. I've asked the sky, the clouds, and the trees, but no one has seen it. Please help me."

"Sometimes the wind passes by and dances with us, but we have not seen the wind," the flowers answered.

"I will never find my way alone," the little seed said sadly.

**S**uddenly the little seed landed on a patch of moist earth.

"Here we are," a soft voice said.

The little seed was surprised. "Who are you? I can't see you," it asked.

"I am the wind," the gentle voice replied.

"I have brought you to your new home."





**Girl:** Can you really see in the dark?

**Cat:** No animal can see when it is completely dark. At night there is usually a little light from the moon and stars. Then my eyes catch the light better and can see better than yours.

## People Puzzler

Billy's mom has four children. One is Penny, one is Nickel, and one is Dime. Who is the fourth child?

*Sent in by Emily Miller, Age 10  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin*

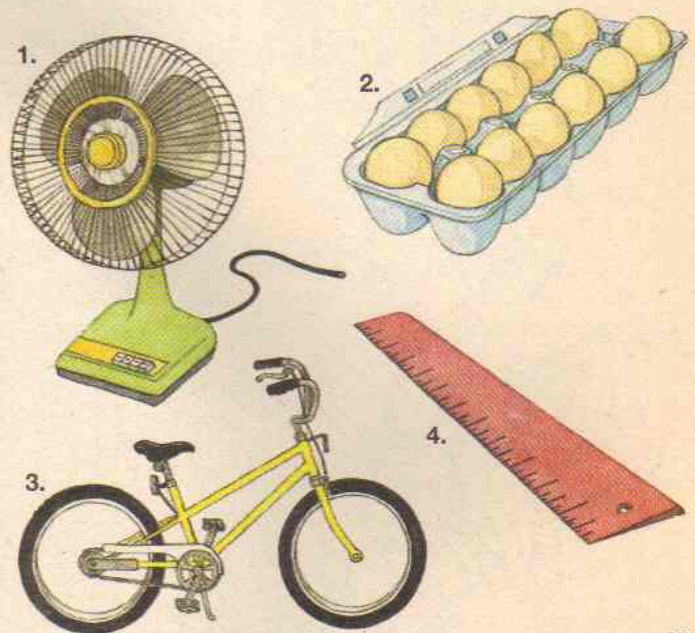
## You're the Chef!

Send us one or two of your simple, tasty, and nutritious recipes that are fun to make, and we'll try to publish some of them in a future issue.

Be sure to include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), and send your recipes to

You're the Chef!  
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
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## What's Missing?



Answers on page 39.

## Check...



## and Double Check



There are at least fourteen differences in these two pictures. How many can you find?





# The Elephant and the Cassowary



By Ruskin Bond

**T**he baby elephant wasn't out of place in our home in north India because India is where elephants belong. In any case, our house was full of pets brought home by Grandfather, who worked for the Forest Service. But the cassowary was different. No one had ever seen such a bird in India before. Grandfather had picked it up on a voyage to Singapore.

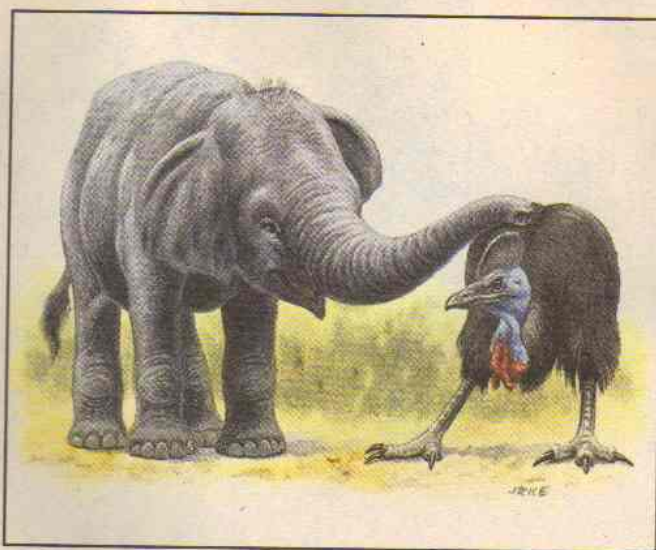
It seemed to do quite well in our subtropical climate of Dehra. It was about five feet in height and looked like a cross between a turkey and an ostrich. It was not a beautiful bird, nor even a friendly one, but it had come to stay, and everyone was curious about it, especially the baby elephant.

Right from the start the baby elephant took a great interest in the cassowary. He circled round the odd creature and hesitantly used his trunk to examine the texture of its small, stumpy wings. Of course he suspected no evil, and his childlike curiosity soon led him into trouble. He began to grow bolder in his investigation of the newcomer.

The big bird responded only by slowly and slyly raising one of its powerful legs, in the meantime gazing into space with an innocent air. We knew too well what the gesture meant. We had seen that treacherous leg raised before, then suddenly shoot out with a

force that would have done credit to a vicious camel.

We wished to spare our baby elephant a painful experience, and we led him away from the bird. But he persisted in his friendly overtures, and one morning he received an ugly reward. Rapid as lightning, the cassowary dealt a blow straight from the hip and knee joints, and the elephant ran squealing to Grandmother.



**It was not a beautiful bird,  
nor even a friendly one.**

For several days he avoided the cassowary, and we thought he had learned his lesson. He crossed and recrossed the compound and garden, swinging his trunk, thinking furiously. Then, about a week later, he appeared on the veranda at breakfast time in his usual cheery, childlike fashion, sidling up to the cassowary as if nothing had happened.

We were amazed at this and so, it seemed, was the bird. Had the painful lesson already been forgotten, and by a member of the elephant tribe, noted for its ability never to forget? Another dose of the same medicine appeared to be needed.

The cassowary once more began to draw up its fighting leg with sinister determination. It was nearing the true position for the master kick, kung-fu style, when suddenly the baby elephant's trunk seized the cassowary's other leg and pulled it out from under the surprised bird. There was a clumsy flapping of wings, a tremendous swelling of the bird's wattle, and an undignified getting up. The bird then marched off with an attempt to look stately and unconcerned, while we at the breakfast table were convulsed

with laughter.

After this the cassowary gave the baby elephant as wide a berth as possible. But they were not forced to coexist for very long. The baby elephant, getting bulky and cumbersome, was sold to a zoo. He has become a favorite with young visitors, who love to take rides on his back.

As for the cassowary, it continued to grace our veranda for many years, gaped at but not made much of, while entering on a rather friendless old age.



By Richard L. Mattis

**O**ne afternoon in 1872, thirteen-year-old Henry Ossawa Tanner was walking with his father in a Philadelphia park when they came upon an artist painting a picture of an elm tree. Henry was fascinated. He watched for an hour.

"I decided on the spot that I would be an artist," he wrote later, "and I assure you it was no ordinary artist I had in mind." That night, Henry made a canvas from a piece of awning. The back of an old geography book became a palette. A long talk with his mother resulted in fifteen cents for paints and brushes. The next day, he headed to the park to paint his own picture of the tree.

"Whether I got most of the paint upon the canvas, upon myself, or upon the ground, it would be hard to tell," recalled Henry. "But that I was happy, supremely so, there was no doubt."

Henry visited art galleries and zoos, then hurried home to paint what he had seen. Lions were his favorites.

One summer, .....  
Henry saved fifty dollars for art lessons, but he hesitated to search for a teacher. He was .....  
of African, Indian, and English background, and he feared that no teacher would want a dark-skinned student.

**Despite his talent,  
people still judged  
him by his color.**

Some teachers *did* send Henry away. Despite his talent, people still rejected him because of his color. But in 1880 he studied under Thomas Eakins at the great Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

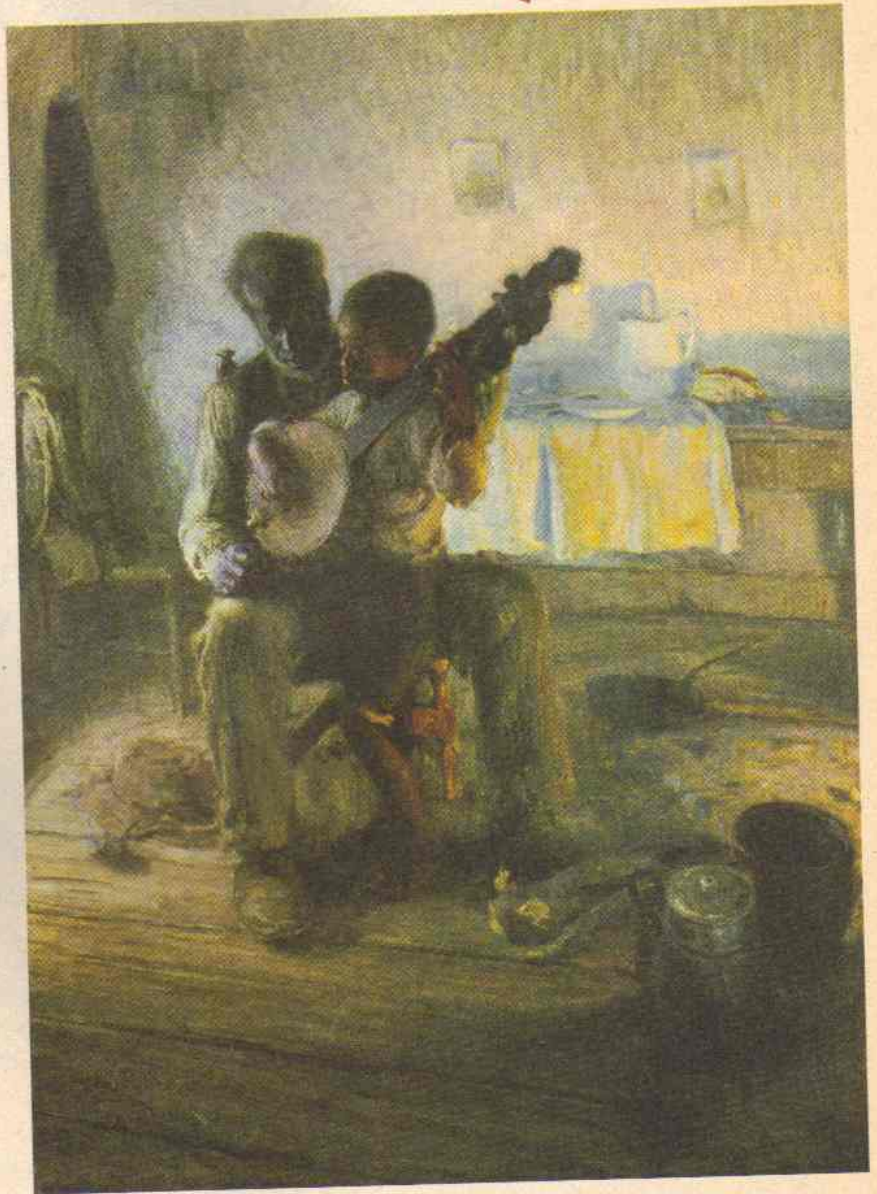
The Tanner family knew about discrimination. A deputy U.S. marshal once removed Henry's father, the Rev. Benjamin Tanner, from his seat in the white section of an auditorium. His mother, Sarah, had escaped from slavery as a child. When Henry was about a year old, he and his mother were forced off a "whites only" streetcar during a snowstorm.

He finally had had enough of the discrimination he faced in Philadelphia. "I could not fight prejudice *and* paint," Henry eventually concluded. Other artists told



The Work of  
Henry Ossawa  
Tanner

# No Ordinary Artist



Henry's famous painting, *The Banjo Lesson*, shows an elderly man patiently teaching a young boy to play the banjo. Showing one black person teaching another in this wholly positive way was a first.



him that Europeans didn't care about skin color, so he went to Paris in 1891 and enrolled in Julian's Academy.

"Never had I seen men waste so much time," said Henry of his unruly Parisian classmates. The stuffy classroom reeked of paint, sweat, and tobacco smoke. Henry ignored the surroundings and focused on his work. "I had come to study, and every minute seemed precious," he said. In his first week at Julian's, his painting of the biblical Flood was judged one of the best two in the class.

Illness forced Henry to return to America in 1893. During the year he was home, he noticed that few artists painted ordinary African-American people. Henry felt that many artists presented black culture only in a comical or

unflattering way, so he began painting scenes from the everyday life of African Americans.

People such as family friend Booker T. Washington urged Henry to continue painting black life. Henry felt a wider mission, however. Being a minister's son, Henry loved biblical characters and Bible stories. When he returned to Paris, he began to paint pictures with religious themes.

In 1897, his painting of *The Resurrection of Lazarus* won a third-class medal at the Salon, the most important art show in

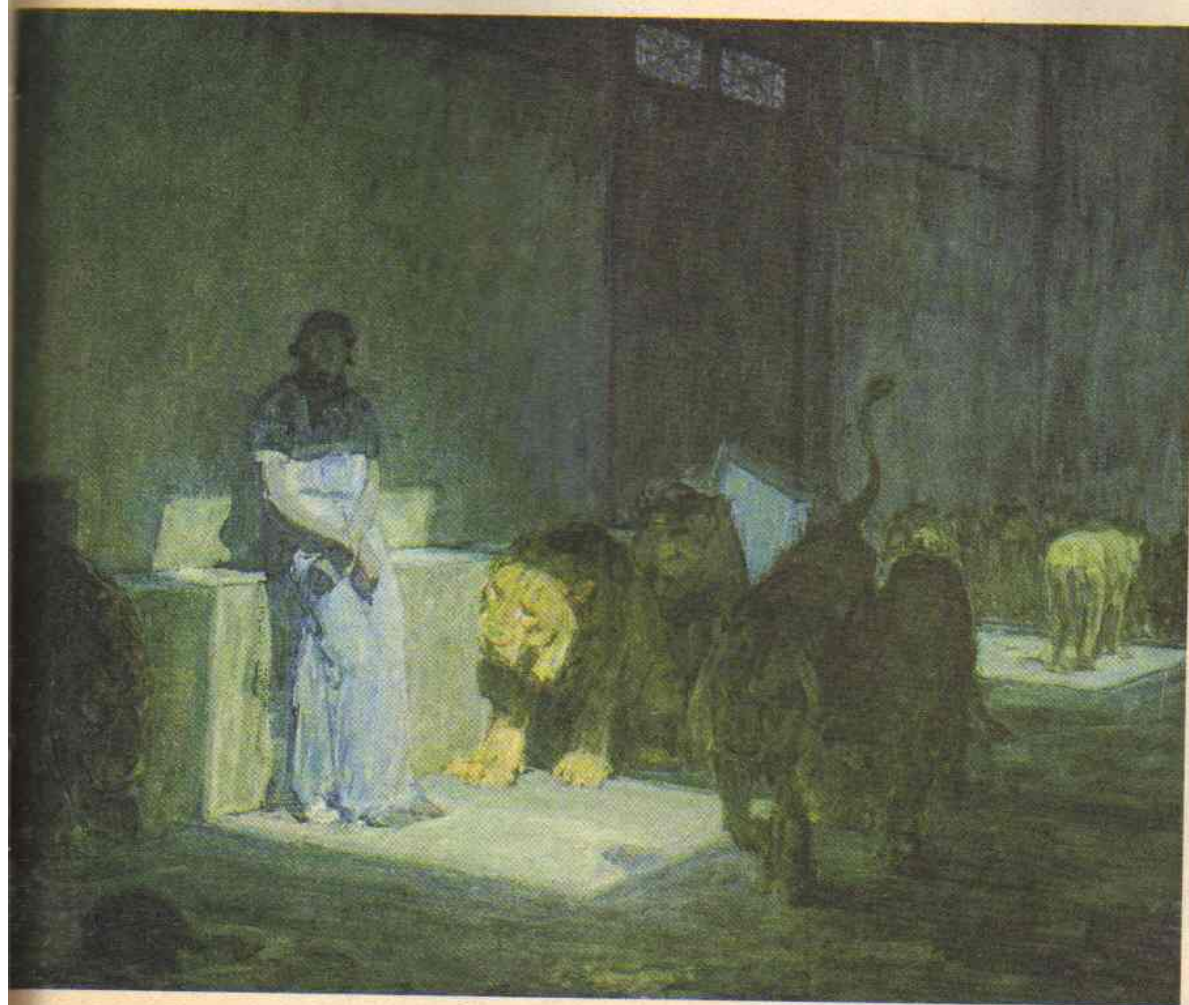
.....  
**He began painting scenes  
from the everyday life of  
African Americans.**

Paris. Henry's skill shows in the stunned faces of the onlookers as they watch Lazarus rise from the dead. The French government bought the painting for its Luxembourg Gallery. A department store executive saw the painting and was so impressed that he offered Henry a trip to the Holy Land. Henry eagerly accepted.

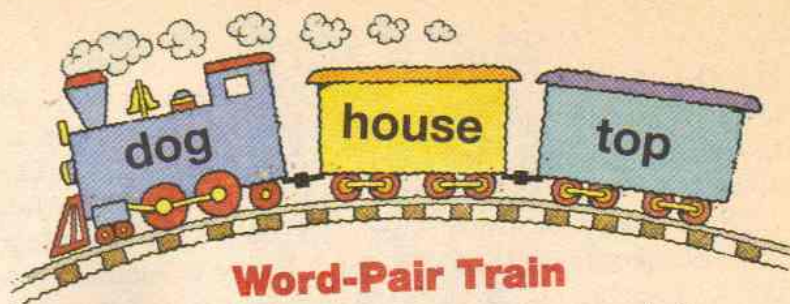
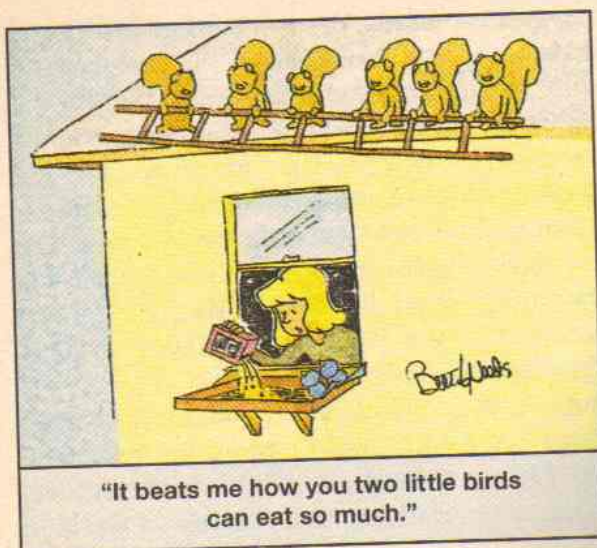
He carefully studied the barren hills and fertile olive groves of Palestine. The architecture, clothing, and customs of the land gripped him. Back in Paris, he painted the Virgin Mary dressed as a peasant girl of the first century. Rugs and wall hangings were true to the earlier time. These effects gave Henry's biblical scenes a realism that other painters had missed.

Henry continued painting until his death in 1937, often using his wife and son as models. Today, his scenes of life among black people and his religious paintings hang in homes and museums in the United States and France. As he had predicted at age thirteen, Henry had become no ordinary artist.

Henry loved lions as a child. In *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, restless lions pace past Daniel through squares of light from unseen overhead skylights. Over the years, Henry painted this scene three times.







## Word-Pair Train

How long a train of word pairs can you make?

Think of a word, then name or write down a word that often goes with it. For example, you might think of "dog" and then pair it with "house." The first word pair, then, is "doghouse."

The next word pair would begin with the last word you used—"house." You might say "housetop." Then begin the next pair with "top," and so on.

## Goofus and Gallant®



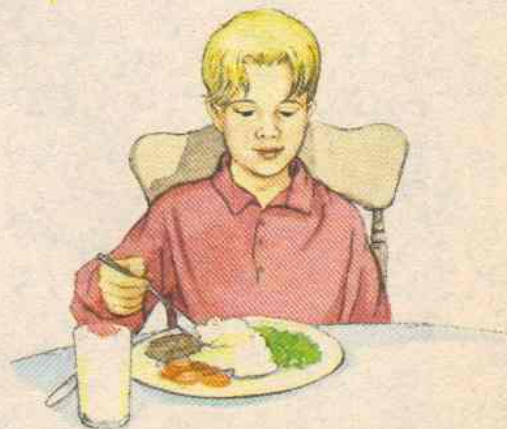
"I'll do it in a minute." But Goofus forgets.



"I'll do it in a minute." And Gallant remembers.



Goofus often eats with his fingers.



Gallant eats with a fork or spoon.



# "I'm All Ears!"


## and other funny things we say

By Cindy Nalley


"Go ahead—tell me," your friend says. "I'm all ears." But of course you don't expect to see ears sprouting all over your friend's body! You know that "I'm all ears" means "I'm ready to listen."

An expression like this is called an idiom or a figure of speech. We know many idioms so well that we don't even stop to think of the literal meaning of the words. But imagine not knowing English very well and using a dictionary to translate idioms like "I put my foot in my mouth," "Knock yourself out," and "He's in a real jam." You might get quite a different picture in your mind than the speaker intended!


Here are the stories behind some idioms. *Have a ball* listening for more, now that *you're all ears!*




• John Hancock, the first person to sign our Declaration of Independence, proudly signed his name in bold handwriting. These days when you say "I put my *John Hancock* on it," you mean that you signed your name.




• Farmers sometimes place an egg in a hen's nest to encourage her to lay eggs. Similarly, having some money saved might encourage you to save more. If you have something of value or money saved that you plan to add to, you might call it a *nest egg*.




• Would you want to buy a *pig in a poke*? Since *poke* is another word for bag, you would be buying something without seeing it or making a deal without knowing all the facts. You might end up buying something besides a pig. Long ago, thieves would cheat people by putting a cat in a bag and selling it for the high price of a young pig. When the buyer opened the bag, he *let the cat out of the bag*, which means letting a secret be known.



• A *chip off the old block* would be made of the same stuff as the block, right? This phrase often means that a child looks or acts very much like Mom or Dad.



• In one ear and out the other gives the impression that nothing stayed in between. That's just what it means: something that's forgotten as soon as it's heard or that was never paid attention to in the first place.



• In a card game, if you *put your cards on the table* others would know all the plays you could make. This expression means to tell the truth, keeping no secrets. (The opposite might be to *play your hand close to your vest*, where others couldn't see your cards—or to keep quiet about what you plan to do.)



# Our Own Pages



Jeffrey Dunn, Age 8  
Meriden, Iowa



Rachael Ballard, Age 5  
Annapolis, Maryland

## If I Were a Fairy

If I were a fairy I would grab hold of your hand,  
and we would fly across the land.  
And we would fly over the mountains,  
and we would fly over the sea,  
and we would fly as high as airplanes  
flying over you and me.  
And I would grant all of your wishes  
if you had any in mind,  
and I would give you anything  
of any kind.

Alison Witkowski, Age 7  
Victor, New York



Jessica Brookshire, Age 12  
Charlotte, North Carolina

## Things All Around Me

I hear rain,  
Kids going *splish splash* in water puddles,  
The trees blowing in the wind,  
And the air coming through the heater vents  
warming up the cold house.

I see lines of water falling from the sky,  
Kids playing under umbrellas,  
Trees bending over houses,  
And air swooshing around my neighborhood.

I feel wet raindrops from above.

Christina Dillon, Age 7  
Petaluma, California

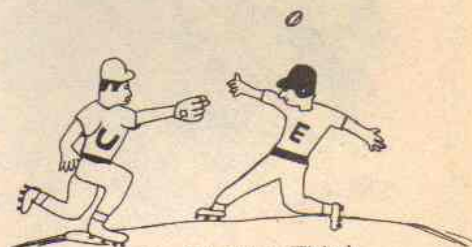


Amy Neufeld, Age 10  
Edmonton, Alberta

## An Earthworm Poem

Every garden needs an earthworm.  
An earthworm is a fascinating creature.  
Row after row, beneath the soil  
The earthworm works his magic,  
Helping your garden grow.  
Watch him in wonder as he crawls along—  
Over, under, over, under, getting the soil  
Ready for the gardener's loving hand to  
Make the miracle of life renew itself.

John Paul Pitts, Age 8  
Palm Beach Gardens, Florida

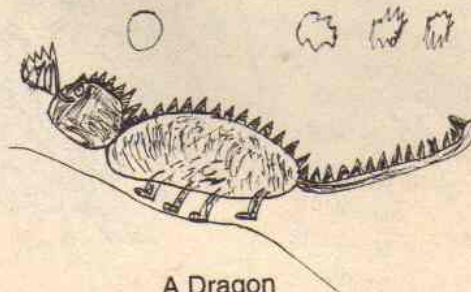


Me Stealing Third  
Bryce Pierson, Age 9  
Pekin, Illinois

## Snow

Deep, white snow.  
Catching snowflakes on my tongue,  
Making a snowman,  
Throwing snowballs,  
Tumbling down a snowy hill,  
Making angels in the snow,  
Playing and playing all day ...  
In cold, wet snow.

Jenna Lougee, Age 6  
Port Monmouth, New Jersey



A Dragon  
Matt Wells, Age 7  
Omaha, Nebraska

## The Sea

I am a boat  
I dance with the sea  
Water is my friend  
Land is my enemy  
I remember all my adventures  
I sneeze with the salty wind  
I listen to my surroundings  
I wear a fabulous purple sail  
I draw with oil  
I sleep with full moons  
I sit in the bobbing sea  
I dream of never leaving the ocean  
and always talking with the waves

Josh Kerby, Age 10  
Kalamazoo, Michigan



## Time of Day

In the morning I am like a pogo stick without its spring, stiff and tired, reluctant to get up and go.

In the afternoon I am like a calendar, sticking to my routine, keeping track of what I have to do next.

At night I am like an old battery, slowly losing my juice, until I finally wear out and can't go any longer.

*Kristin Prange, Age 12  
St. Charles, Missouri*



**A Day in the City**

*Jessica Hinds, Age 9  
Surrey, British Columbia*

## Furnace

There's something in the basement,  
It wasn't there last night.  
There's something in the basement,  
And it's giving me a fright!  
I'm going down the stairs  
To turn on the light . . .

**CLICK!**

I knew it was the furnace all along.  
Whew!

*Katie Conway, Age 10  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio*

## Smoke Animals

Out of the factory's chimney, tall  
great black animals  
like to crawl.  
They push each other,  
shove and crowd,  
the noise, the wind,  
a claw, a cloud.  
And they walk right out  
on the empty sky  
with their tails all curled up  
and their heads held high.  
But their terrible fierceness  
is a joke!

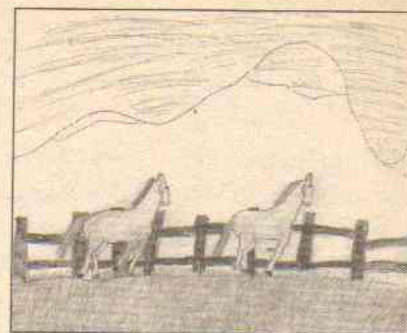
For they are only made  
of a puff of smoke!

*Jonathan Batista, Age 11  
Jackson Heights, New York*



**My Dog "Roxy"**

*Alissa Way, Age 4  
Wilbraham, Massachusetts*

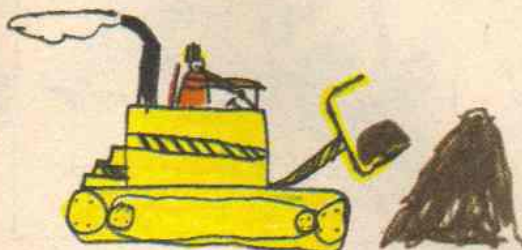


*Suzanne Camp, Age 8  
Cedar Crest, New Mexico*

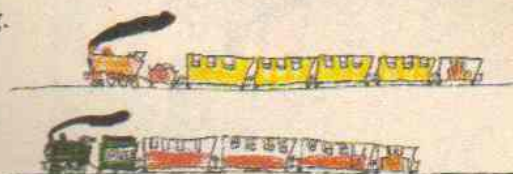
## Just Open Your Eyes and See

Just open your eyes and see, little foal.  
I have waited so long for you to be born.  
Your mom is watching over you.  
Stand up on your wobbly legs.  
When you grow up a little I will take you out to the pasture.  
You will run and play with all the other colts and fillies.  
I will brush your tail and mane.  
I will bring you bits of apple when you get your teeth.  
I will love and take care of you.  
Just open your eyes and see me.

*Alexandra Cocolin, Age 8  
Scottsdale, Pennsylvania*



*Ryan Bishop, Age 7  
San Antonio, Texas*



**English Trains**

*David Hunt, Age 6  
Seneca, South Carolina*



*John Roilides, Age 10  
Thessaloniki, Greece*

## Halls

**Click! Click! Click!**  
Halls are filled with kids.  
Laughing, talking, yelling.  
**Slam! Slam! Slam!**  
Like a herd of buffalo  
everyone goes.  
All is quiet.

*Natasha Chokhani, Age 12  
Arlington, Virginia*

## The Merry-Go-Round

I love to go on the merry-go-round  
The merry-go-round spins fast  
I love the horses, black and yellow,  
every size, every shape  
All the other kids shout with joy  
The merry-go-round is my favorite  
ride in the carnival

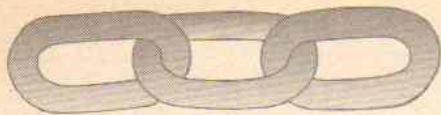
*Matthew Duffy, Age 6  
Fort Wayne, Indiana*

Are you thinking of sending a picture, story, or poem to Our Own Pages? Be sure that it is your very own creation and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. All artwork should be on plain white paper, not lined paper. Artwork can be in color or black and white. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to

**HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will print some of the poems, stories, and pictures from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us, so you may want to keep a copy for yourself.





## Charlie's Chain Challenge

Charlie was given four pieces of silver chain for helping a neighbor clean his garage. Each piece of chain contained three long links. If the chains were all joined together into a circle, the finished piece would just fit over his mother's head as a necklace.

With only \$3.00 and the four pieces of chain, Charlie went to the metalsmith and asked how much it would cost to have the pieces of chain joined together in time for Valentine's Day. The metalsmith said he would charge Charlie \$.50 to cut a link and \$.50 to weld it back together. "It would cost you \$4.00," said the metalsmith.

Charlie thought a moment, then smiled. "No, it wouldn't," he said. "I know how you can do it for just \$3.00." What was Charlie's plan?

Answer on page 39.

## Something Similar

Can you think of something you have in common with each of these?



rose

dolphin

table

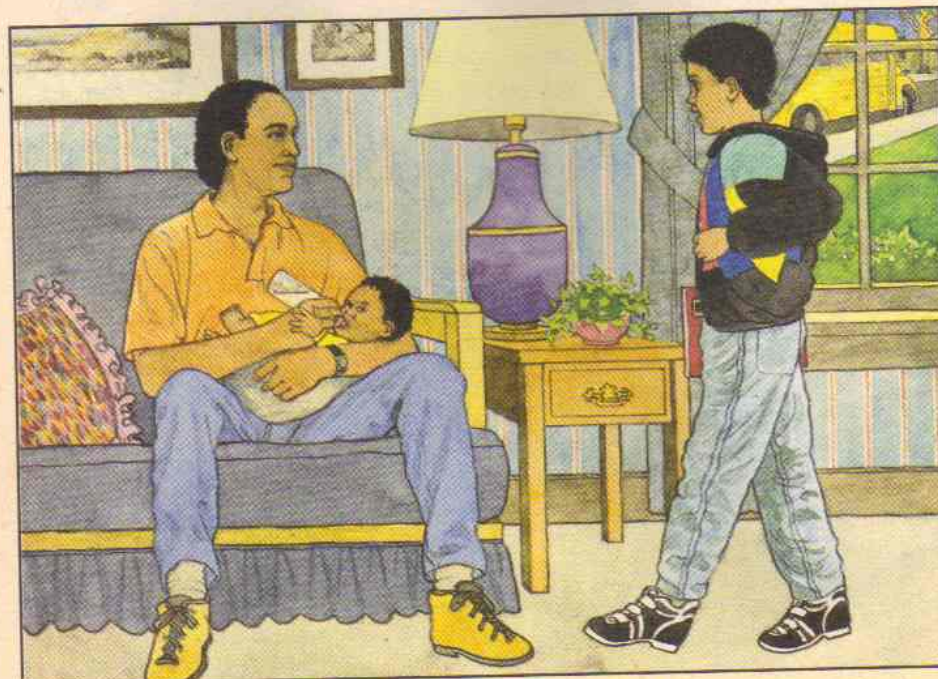
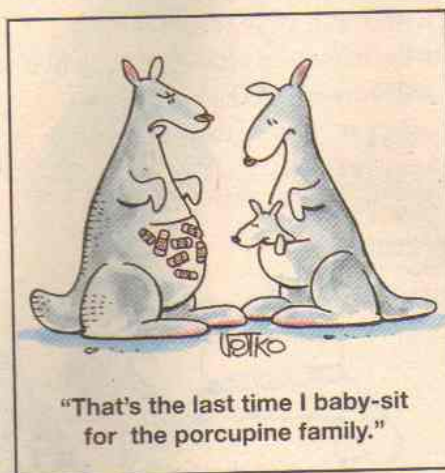
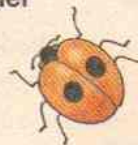
cup of water

tape recorder

battery

horse

insect



"Eli and I are friends again! I talked with him about the argument we had yesterday, and we're both sorry it happened."

# Riddles

1. What do you get when you cross a basketball with a groundhog?

Amanda Stanley, California

2. How do sailors get their clothes clean?

Cristina and Martin Katipunan, Ontario

3. What is a frog's favorite flower?

Taylor Lane, Texas

4. Why did the baby cross the road?

Sally Mitchell, Indiana

5. When one person has six piñon nuts and another person has seven piñon nuts, what do they have?

Henry Clark, Colorado

6. What happened to the two bedbugs who fell in love?

Jamie Cossette, Connecticut

7. What do you call a boomerang that doesn't come back?

Kacey Kirch, Minnesota

8. What do space aliens eat for breakfast?

Daniel Metzel, Virginia

9. At which school do you have to drop out to graduate?

Eileen Hammond, Georgia

10. Where does a ship go when it is sick?

Mark Goepel, New Jersey

11. What do math teachers do in the lunchroom?

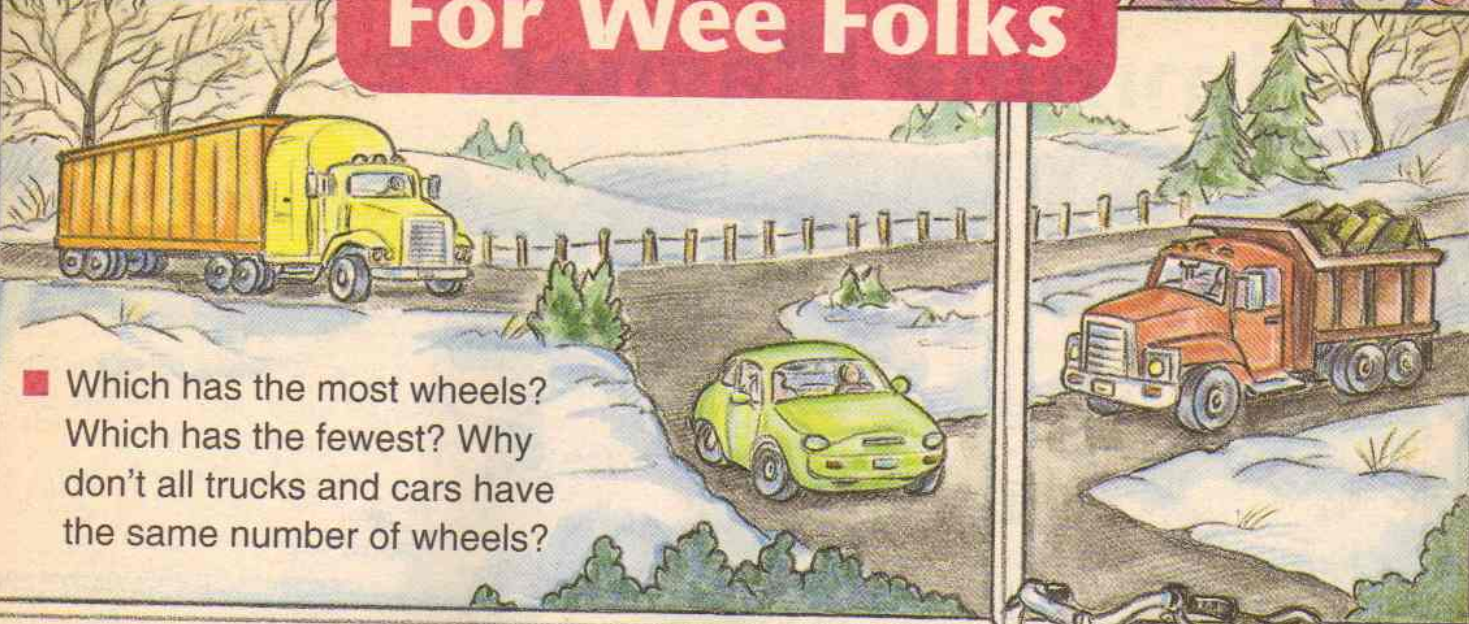
Summer Womack, Kentucky

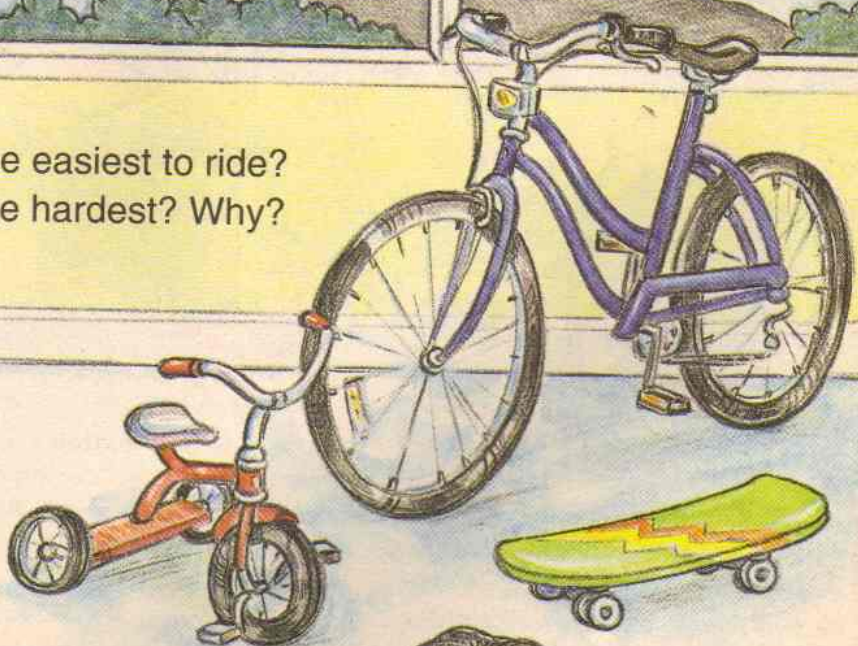
### Answers:

1. Six more weeks of basketball season.
2. They throw them overboard, then they are washed ashore.
3. A crocus.
4. To get to the mother's side.
5. A difference of a piñon.
6. They got married in the spring.
7. A stick.
8. Flying sausages.
9. Parachute school.
10. To the dock.
11. They divide their lunches with one another.




# For Wee Folks

- 
- Which has the most wheels?  
Which has the fewest? Why  
don't all trucks and cars have  
the same number of wheels?

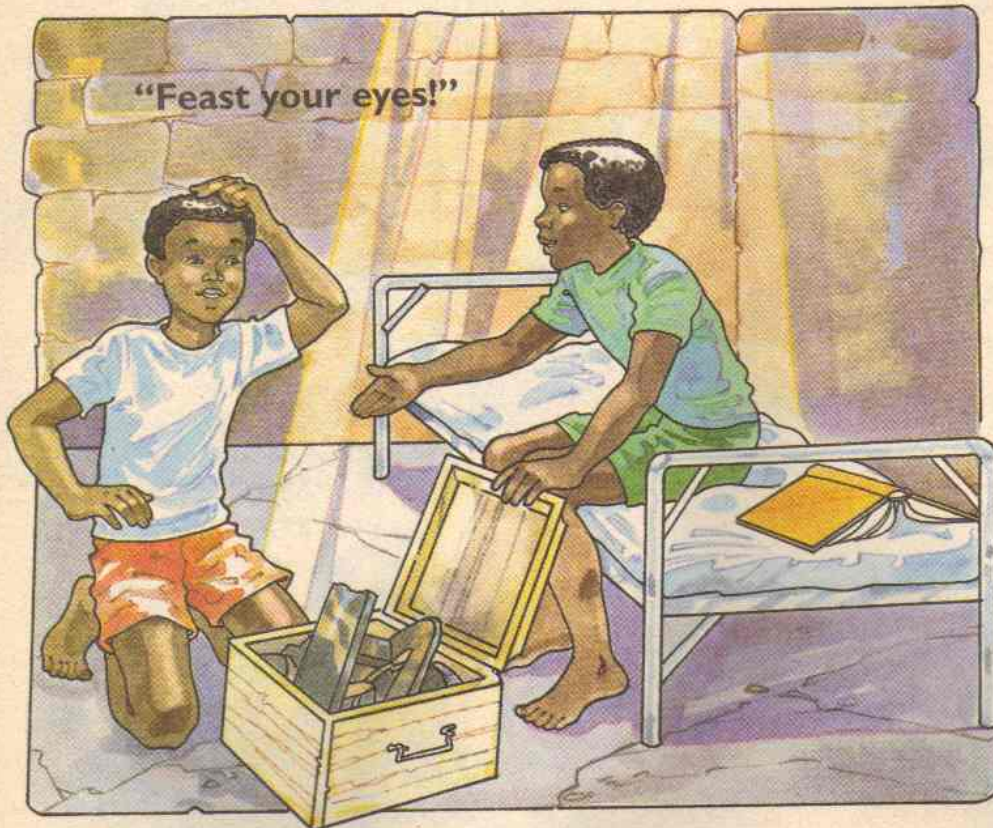
- 
- Which is the easiest to ride?  
Which is the hardest? Why?

Illustrated by  
Mary Kurnick Maass

- 
- Which wheels will go with each  
animal? Why do you think that?



# Swimming Magnet



By John K. Owhonda

I left the sweet morning air and the warm African sun outside when I entered the old shack. My friend Anuko did not look up. He was busy.

I peered over his shoulder as he flipped through the pages of his thick book. He stopped on page twenty, jabbed his finger at it, and growled, "Magnets! Here is our answer."

"I don't see how magnets can pay back Akeem and his friends for not letting us ride their bicycles," I said. "Or for laughing at us in front of everyone because we didn't know how to swim."

Anuko held the book to my face. "Read for yourself!" he said.

I read aloud: "How to build a magnet."

"Not that. The middle. Read the middle part."

I followed his finger. "If you already have magnets, you can pick up nails with them, find lost pieces of metal, hold up signs, attach metal birdcages to metal walls—"

"That's right," Anuko chuckled. "And we can use them to fill our own needs." He reached under the rickety bed on which he sat and pulled out an old dusty chest.

"There!" he said, flipping it open. "Feast your eyes!"

Through the fingers of light that filtered in from the roof of the old shack, I made out several rusty slabs of metal—square, round, and wedge-shaped. Some were three inches thick and as long as my foot. I paused, scratching my head, and asked how we were going to use this treasure.

"Simple!" Anuko cried, his voice blending with the bleating

of the goats and the song of the okri bird outside. "We'll find a cart with wheels, the kind that Osundo carries his yams in, only smaller. We'll stack our magnets in the front part and sit in the back. When Akeem and his gang ride by on their bikes, we'll point our magnets and follow. They'll be our servants, driving us around the village."

"Anuko," I exclaimed, "you're a genius! They'd have to take us everywhere."

"Everywhere," Anuko agreed.

I leaped up, clicked my heels and danced around the chest, then knelt and kissed a magnet.

"But what if they ride to their homes?" I asked.

"It's there in the book. We can turn the magnet off and on."

"Perfect!"

The thought of making Akeem and his friends unwillingly tote us around for free in front of the villagers warmed my heart.

"I can hardly wait," I said. "I can smell the dust rising behind their wheels. I can hear the girls giggling, cheering us and laughing at them. Thanks, Anuko. Of all the ideas from your book of scientific hobbies, the magnet is the best."

We went to work. We quickly found a discarded wooden cart with a broken side panel. We patched it, stacked our magnets in it, and secured them with a rope. Then Anuko built a slot in front of the magnets for a wooden plank to fit into.

"That's to turn it off," he said.

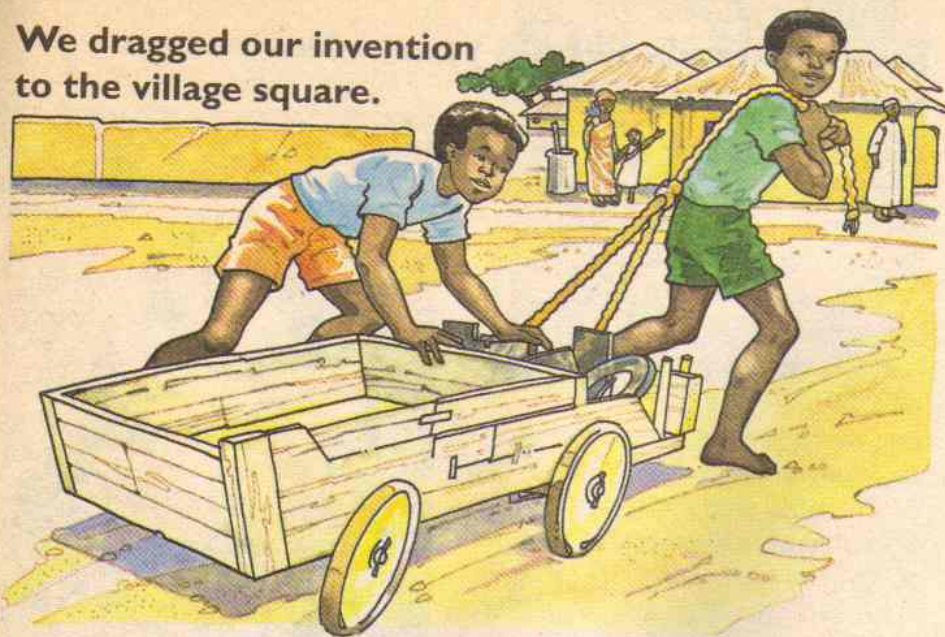
"Time for action," I cheered. I tried to move the cart, but it wouldn't budge.

"It's too heavy," I complained.

"Oh, don't worry about that," Anuko replied. "There will be lots of bicycles."



**We dragged our invention to the village square.**



With the cart clunking, creaking, and swaying like a horse-drawn sleigh, we dragged our invention to the village square, spreading the word as we went that we were going to make fools of Akeem and his gang.

Anuko and I were ready. We climbed in, pointed the front of the cart at the road, and waited for the clangs and jangles of their bicycles. But Akeem and his friends did not come. Hours went by.

Then from the distance came the faint sound of a large engine. At first it was just a murmur. In a

few moments it grew into a deafening roar, with clouds of dust that reached the leaves on the trees.

We waved at the khaki-clad construction workers in their giant blue-and-white truck as they swept by. The ground shook beneath the seat of our pants.

Then, without warning, our cart surged forward into the dirt road, racing behind the iron-clad truck. We held on. The villagers chased after us, jumping and clapping, cheering us on. The workers hailed us from the back of

their truck. But my heart pounded hard, as though it were about to explode. I was scared.

I turned to Anuko. He was plastered to the backboard, his knuckles pale.

"Switch it off!" I yelled. "Throw in the plank!"

"I can't! It's going too fast!"

I held on to the sides, too scared to let go or to flag down the truck.

"Help! Help!" I hollered, but the noise of the cheering workers, jubilating villagers, and roaring truck swallowed my voice.

Then the truck came to the river and veered left onto the highway.

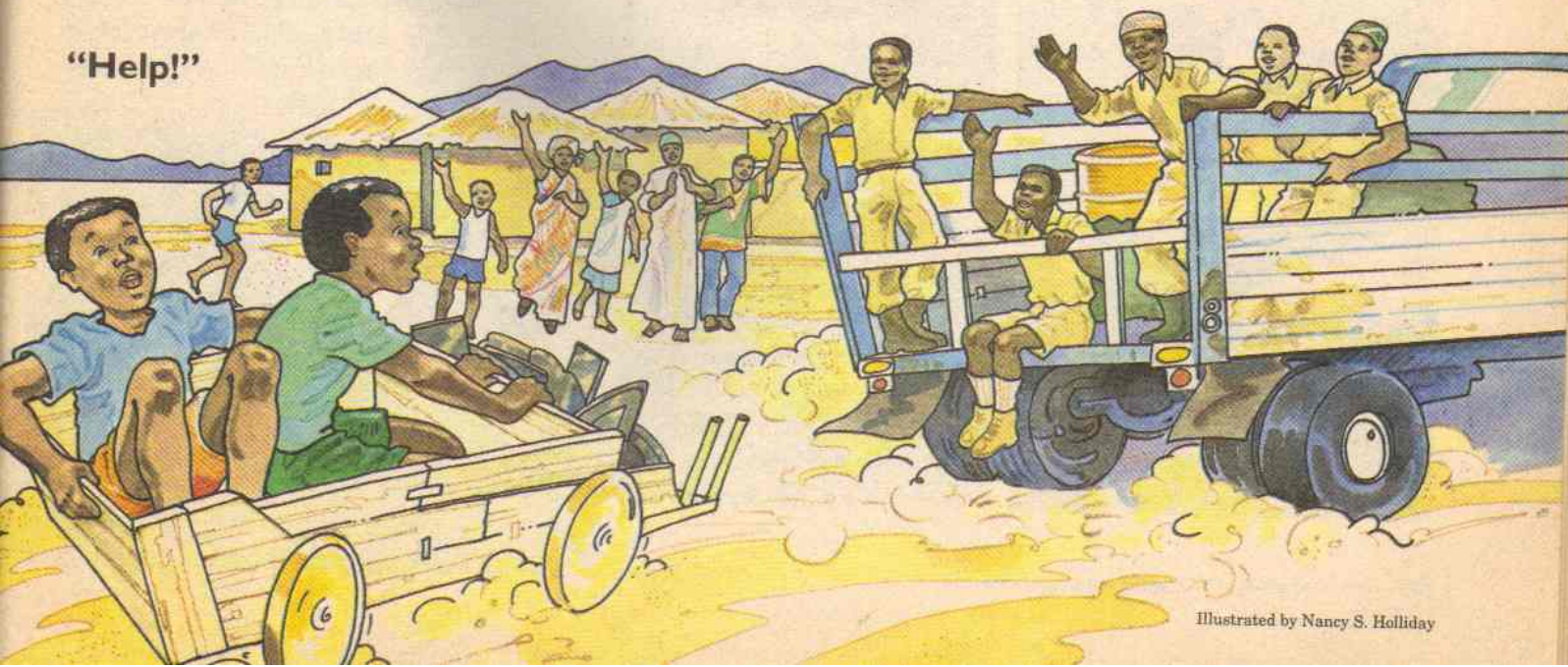
The cart skidded on two wheels, tossed me into a bush, and leapt into the water, taking Anuko with it. The next thing I knew, Anuko was paddling to the riverbank. The heavy cart had sunk to the bottom of the river.

Akeem and his friends were gathered on the shore, smiling.

"We didn't know you could swim," one of them called to Anuko.

Anuko looked at me and laughed. "Neither did I," he said.

**"Help!"**







## Stickers make a bookmark

By Donna Collinsworth

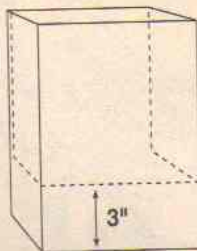
1. For each bookmark, place a sticker on construction paper. Cut, leaving a border of construction paper around the sticker.
2. Cut out a matching shape from construction paper.
3. Glue the shapes together with the top end of a large paper clip between them. (The top end has just one loop, not a loop within a loop.) Let the glue dry.
4. Clip the bookmark to a page to mark your place.



## Animal friends to hold your valentines

By Dava Jo Walker

1. On the two narrow sides and the front panel of an empty cereal box, draw a line three inches up from the bottom. Cut down the two corner edges of the back panel and along the line you've drawn to remove most of the sides and front. Leave the back panel whole.



2. On the back panel, draw and then cut out the shape of an animal's head and shoulders. Decorate the box with construction paper. Paint on features or details.
3. Trim and decorate the front panel of the box to look like an animal's paws. Write your name or a valentine message on a red



paper heart. Decorate it and glue it to the front of the box.

4. Place a stone or two inside the box to help it stand upright, if necessary.

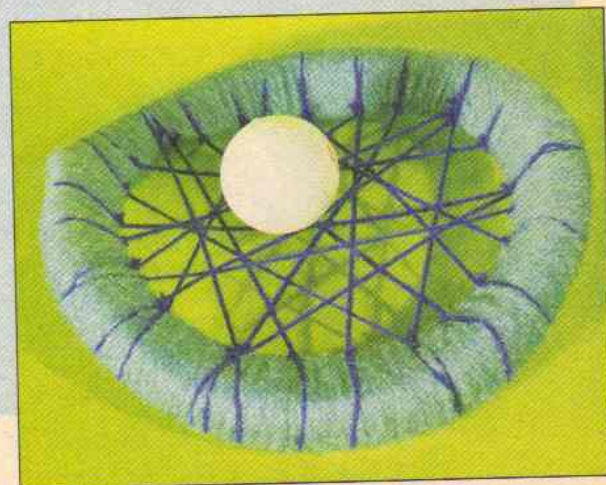
## Play Bat-a-Ball indoors or out

By Beth D. Stevens

1. Cut out the center section of a large, flexible plastic lid, leaving the rim about one inch wide. (To begin cutting, fold the lid in half and cut into the center of the fold.)
2. Knot one end of a ball of yarn around the rim, leaving a 2-inch-long tail.
3. Wrap the yarn around the rim until it is completely covered. Cut the yarn and tie the end to the 2-inch tail at the starting point.
4. To make spokes, tie pieces of yarn across the frame.
5. To play, bat a lightweight ball (such as a sponge ball, pompom, or table-tennis ball) into the air—by yourself or with a friend.

### Try some variations:

See how long you can bat the ball without missing; try it with two hands instead of one; see how high you can bat the ball; set a timer and see how long you can keep the ball bouncing; bat the ball toward a target.





## An umbrella for your dolls

By Mary Galligan

**1.** Trace around a small plate to make a circle on a piece of construction paper or poster board. Make scalloped cuts around the outside of the circle or glue it to a paper doily.

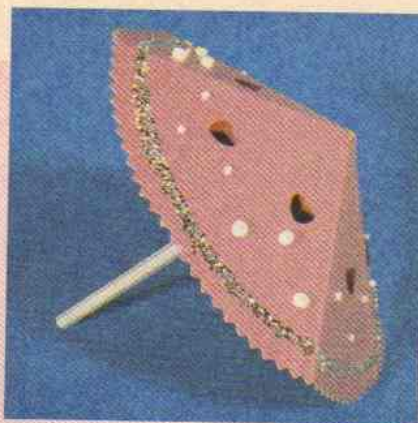
**2.** Fold the circle in half. Unfold it and fold it in half the other way, so it is divided into quarters. Then fold and unfold it diagonally in half both ways, to divide the circle into eight equal "pie sections."

**3.** Along one of the fold lines, make a cut from the outside of the circle to the center. Overlap the two end pie sections and glue them together. (Hold them in place with a paper clip until the glue dries.)

**4.** Decorate the umbrella or parasol.

**5.** Add a handle made from a disposable chopstick, unsharpened pencil, or a plastic straw (which can be cut to make a shorter handle). To attach it, turn the umbrella upside down onto a sturdy cup or mug. Place several drops of glue in the center of the umbrella. Position the stick in the glue, secure it with tape to hold it straight, and let dry.

**6.** When dry, remove the tape. Push the handle into a small mound of clay or modeling compound to make a stand for the umbrella.



## Decorate your dresser with a pinecone critter

By Janna Britton

**1.** Cut two wings and a tail from felt. Make small snips along the edge of the tail to look like feathers.

**2.** Glue the tail to the bottom of a pinecone. Then glue the wings on opposite sides, between the scales.

**3.** To make the beak, glue a shelled almond into the cone near the top. Glue two wiggle eyes above the beak.



## Nifty necklaces for Valentine's Day . . . or anytime!

By Marie E. Cecchini

**1.** Draw a shape (such as a heart) onto cardboard, or trace around a cookie cutter. Cut out the shape.

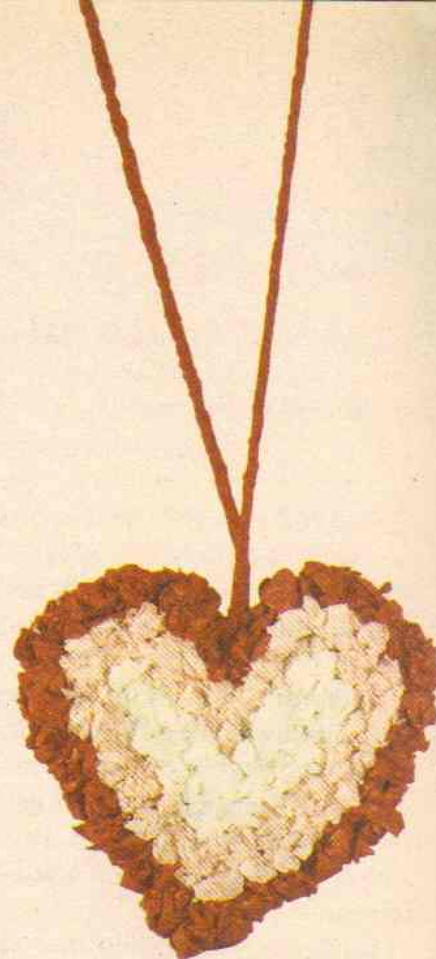
**2.** Use a hole punch to make one or two holes at the top of the cardboard shape.

**3.** Cut a piece of yarn that is long enough to slip over your head easily when the ends are tied together.

**4.** Thread the yarn through the hole or holes. Then knot the ends together.

**5.** Spread a layer of glue over one side of the shape.

**6.** Crinkle small pieces of tissue paper into puffy balls, or use facial tissues or construction paper scraps. Press them into the glue to cover the entire piece. Let dry.





# Catch a Snowflake

See the tiny ice crystals that make up snow.

By Mary Kelley Moore

**S**nowflakes hold surprises. If you want to see what makes a snowflake sensational, you'll have to look closely. That means you'll have to catch one.

To do that, you could stick out your hand when it's snowing. But if you did, the flakes would melt so quickly that you wouldn't get a very good look at them. Here's a simple way to catch some snowflakes.

You'll need something that can be frozen and will stay frozen for several minutes outside of the freezer. A freezer pack that's used to keep food cold in a lunch box or picnic cooler will work well. If you don't have a freezer pack, use a can of frozen juice concentrate. Choose something with a dark, solid color.

While snow is falling, wipe clean the surface of the frozen freezer pack and take it outside. Hold it flat so that some flakes land on it. (If you are using a juice can, catch the flakes on one of the flat surfaces on the ends.)

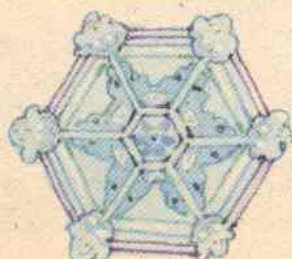
As soon as you have a few flakes, look at what you've caught. Since the freezer pack

is so cold, you can pick it up and even take it inside to look at the snowflakes.

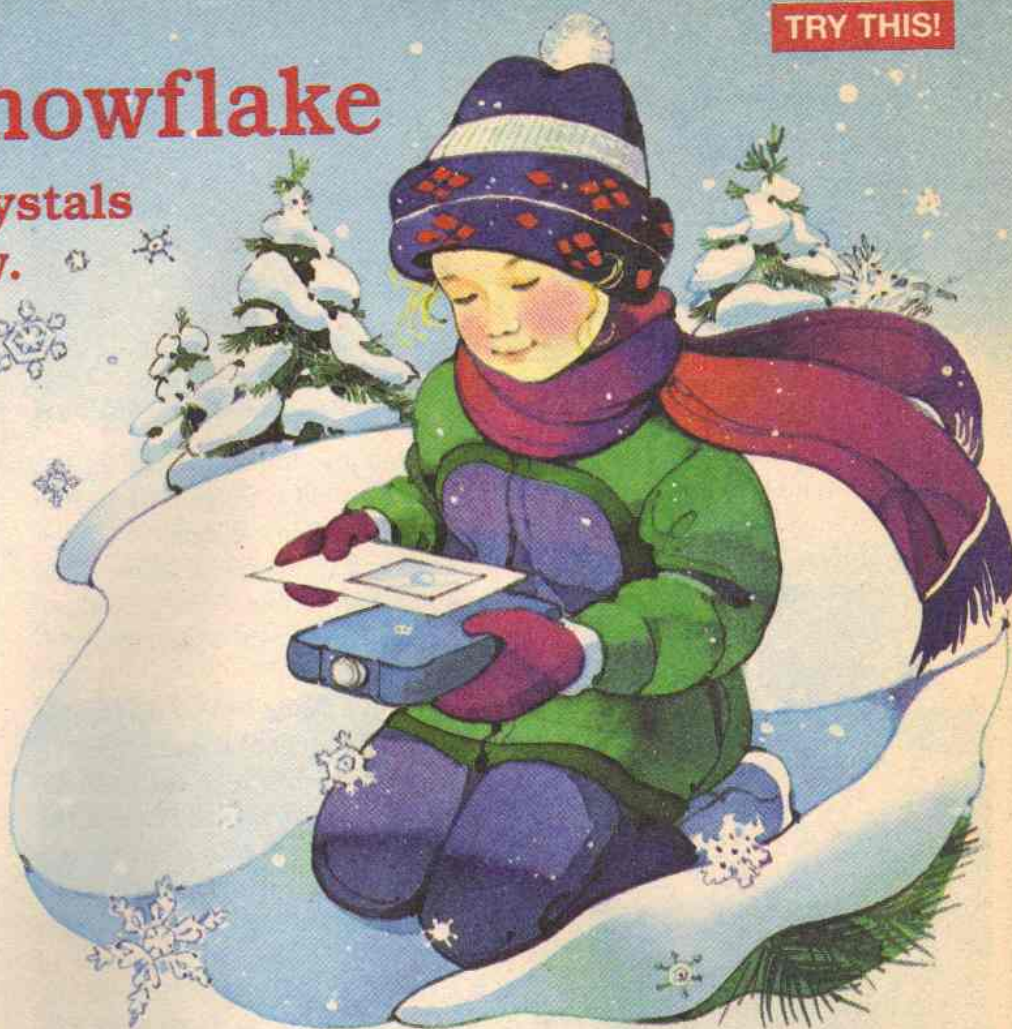
You will see a lot of details simply by looking closely. With a magnifying glass, you can see the shapes and patterns even better. If you don't have a magnifying glass, you can make one by placing a few drops of water onto a piece of flat, clear plastic, such as a "window" (complete with its cardboard "frame")

cut out of an empty pasta package. To magnify the snowflakes, look at them through the water lens.

Hexagonal plate



Stellar crystal



You might have to try many times before you catch a snowflake that is perfectly formed. The flakes might be clumped together or have irregular shapes. If the air is not especially cold and if it isn't too dry, the snowflakes are likely to be more intricate.

Each snowflake is an ice crystal built in a six-sided shape, which is called a hexagon. A *stellar crystal* is one kind. Stellar means "star." Like a six-pointed star, a stellar crystal has six "arms," which point out from the center. Another often-seen snowflake is the *hexagonal plate*. The pictures at the left show typical examples of these two types.

But there are many other types. See how many different kinds you can find.



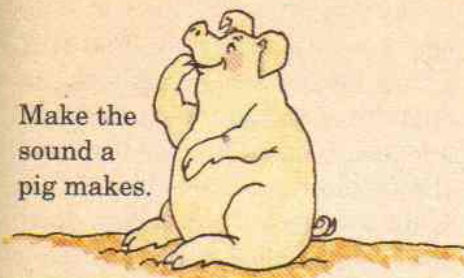


# Headwork



Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.

Make the sound a pig makes.



Is your tongue yellow or pink?

When you put on a shirt, do you step into it or pull it over your head?

Why might a large truck have more lights than a car?

What is the difference between a church and a school?

Name two things your throat helps you do.



If you wanted to have a quick lunch at a restaurant, would you order a hamburger or a turkey sandwich? Why?

When a person is walking a dog on a leash, is the dog usually ahead of the person or behind?

"That girl must play the violin," Jeff said. He did not know the girl, so how could he know she played the violin?

When water starts to freeze, does the ice begin to form at the bottom or at the top?

What causes the crust on bread?

Suppose a dog lived a few years with an English-speaking family and then went to live with a Swedish-speaking family. Would the dog learn to understand some Swedish words?

If you couldn't see, how could you tell the difference between oil and water?

Why are motorcycles and motor scooters used more often by police forces in large cities than in small towns?

Would it be possible for twins to have different birthdays? If so, how could that be?

One fall day Ben said that his dog had been running in the fields. How could he have known that if he didn't see the dog in the fields?

Is the time between the clap of thunder and the flash of lightning always the same? Why? Which comes first?

How can you make soup thicker without adding anything to it?



Sometimes airplanes don't take off from airfields on time. Name some possible reasons for this.

If a spider and a caterpillar had a race, it is likely that the spider would win. Can you think of a time when the caterpillar might be able to beat the spider?

How can ice break telephone wires and power lines even when the wind is not blowing?

Illustrated by Jody Taylor

## ANSWERS:

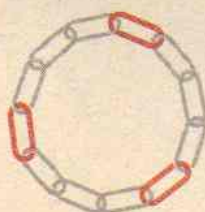
**"Another Piece of Pizza, Please" (page 21)**  
Pieces 3 and 6 match.

**"What's Missing?" (page 24)**  
Here are our answers; perhaps you thought of others.

1. Fan has no plug on the end of the cord.
2. Egg carton has no lid.
3. Bicycle wheels have no spokes.
4. Ruler has no numbers on it.

**"Charlie's Chain Challenge" (page 32)**  
Charlie told the metalsmith to cut open each of the three links on one chain. That would cost \$1.50 altogether. Then the metalsmith used each of those

links to connect the other chains, as shown. The cost for closing the three links would be another \$1.50, bringing the total cost to \$3.00.







# Having Fun with Magic

By David Roper

I saw my first magic show when I was seven and fell in love with magic right then. I didn't know where to find out about it, though, so I made up my own tricks.

One of the first was The Lemon-to-the-Egg Trick. I took half of a lemon, scooped out the pulp, and put the rind over an

egg. I held it in my hand so that all the audience could see was the rind. They thought I was holding a lemon. I put a handkerchief over the "lemon" and waved my other hand above it. Then I pulled off the handkerchief, secretly pulling off the rind with it. The lemon had "changed" to an egg!

## Cards That Flip Themselves

This trick is easy to do and has a mind-boggling finish that seems to happen in the hands of the spectator. All you need is a deck of cards, a table with two chairs, and one friend as your spectator.

1. You and your friend sit facing each other. Have her shuffle the cards, cut the deck in half, and choose a half-deck. You pick up the other half. "Each of us will look at our cards and select one," you say. "To make sure we can't see each other's cards, hold them under the table." Lower your half-deck below the edge of the table and hold it in your lap.

2. As your friend chooses her card, you take any card. (It isn't necessary to remember what it is, as you'll see.)

Slide it facedown on the table in front of you without letting your friend see what it is.

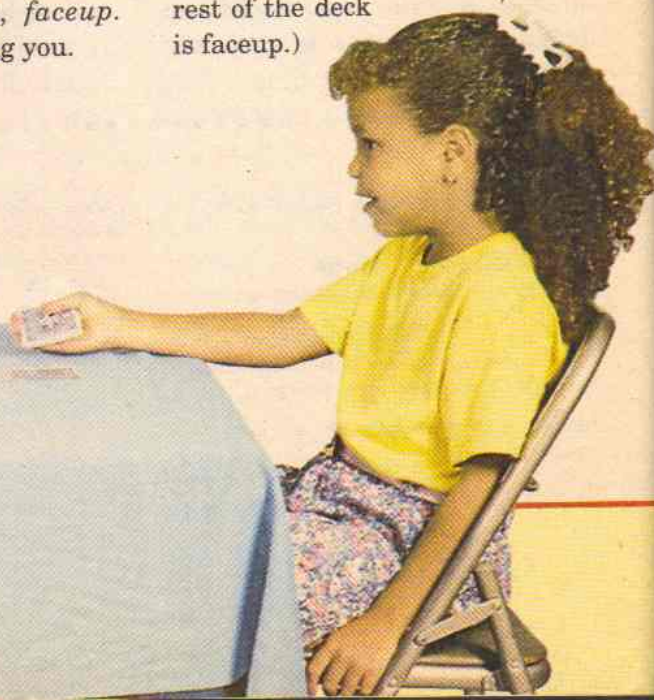


3. Turn your half-deck, which is still under the table, *faceup*. Memorize the card facing you.

4. Then turn that card *facedown* on top of the *faceup* deck. *This facedown card is your selected card, not the one on the table.*



5. Bring your half-deck up and hold it casually in your hand, being careful not to show the bottom. (Your friend will think you are holding the entire deck *facedown*, when actually only your card is *facedown* and the rest of the deck is *faceup*.)





Unfortunately I hadn't boiled the egg, and before long the egg broke in the pocket of my suit coat—my only suit coat.

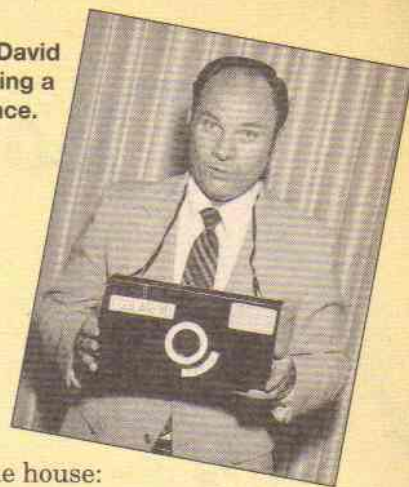
My parents were extremely patient with my tricks, even when I cut a twelve-inch slit in the back of my father's only suit pants in an attempt to make a secret pocket that would hold a dinner plate. In their own self-defense, I think, they got me a magic set for my twelfth birthday. And away I went!

If you decide to try magic as a hobby, there are several things you need to know.

First, it takes practice to be good. You don't become a magician by buying a magic set any more than you become a musician by buying a trumpet.

Second, it's easy to waste money on magic because you can't return a purchased prop trick once you've bought it and learned the secret. So start by learning tricks from library books. Try

Magician David Roper during a performance.



tricks that use items you have around the house:

cards, coins, handkerchiefs, and so on. As you get better, you can start investing in other props.

Third, although it's tempting to tell someone "how it's done," the first rule for magicians is **DON'T TELL THE SECRET**. I learned this the hard way. During a show, a "friend" kept hollering out how I did the tricks. (He was trying to impress a girl we both liked.)

That's one reason why magic clubs are good: you can share secrets with other magicians.

Finally, you need a sense of humor, because no matter how much you practice, occasionally things go wrong. When I was a teenager and had been performing for several years, I had learned a juggling feat with eggs. In this stunt, four eggs were supposed to drop into four glasses of water.

When I arrived at the place where I was to perform, I saw that the only table available for the setup was a speaker's stand *with a sloping top*. I tried to make adjustments, but as I performed the trick (in front of a large audience!), the eggs flew in all directions—and I had made the same mistake I made when I was seven years old. Yep—the eggs were raw.

But I laughed, and the crowd laughed. After all, fun is what magic is all about.

**6.** By this time your friend has put her card facedown on the table. You say, "Good. Be sure to remember the name of your card." Point to the card in front of you. "I am going to slip this card in your half of the deck." Pick up the card you placed on the table and slip it facedown into her pile of cards.

Then say, "Put your card in my half of the deck." She does so. (You are now holding a faceup pile of cards with two facedown cards in it.)

**7.** "Now we'll put the two halves together," you say. As your friend places her half-deck on the table, casually lower your half of the deck below the edge of the table, *turn it over*, and immediately bring it back into

view, then drop it on top of your friend's half of the deck.

**8.** Tell your friend, "Put the cards under the table *where you can't see them*. Then carefully shuffle them. Neither of us will know where the selected cards are."

When your friend has mixed the cards, say, "You probably thought I was going to find the cards—but *you* will."

Name the card you turned facedown on the deck, and have her name the card she chose.

Say, "Place the deck on the table and spread the cards out." When she does, all the cards will be facedown except the two selected cards, which will be faceup!





# Dear Highlights,

LETTERS



## Can't Stop (Almost) Swearing

I have a problem. I can't stop swearing. I try not to. I never do it, but I almost do. Can you help me?

Ryan C., Pennsylvania

Two people we know fined themselves a nickel every time they used a swear word. The next week, the "fine" went up to a dime. Then a quarter. They didn't have to go any higher because by then their efforts had worked; they'd trained themselves to watch what they were saying. (The money went to charity.)

Some people choose a tame word or phrase to substitute when they might otherwise swear, such as "Oh dear" or "Yikes!"

Remember, new habits often take time to form. Be patient with yourself but determined, and you'll succeed.

## Mean to My Friend



I have a problem being mean to my friend. What should I do?

Patricia F., Washington

It's great that you recognize this and want to change. The next time you have the urge to be

mean, think how you'd feel if someone treated you that way. When you catch yourself treating your friend unkindly, stop right then, apologize, and resolve to do better. You and your friend will both benefit from your efforts.



## Too Shy

I used to have many friends, but we moved. I cannot have friends because I'm shy to make friends to the kids here. My life is very lonely.

Sherwin M., Philippines

Calling yourself shy focuses your attention on feeling nervous. Instead, remember that you made friends before, and you can do it again.

Think about how you met and got to know your other friends. Try some of those same methods. For example, you might join activities where you'll meet kids who share your interests.

To start or join a conversation, think for a moment about what you wish to say—then gather your courage and say it. The first few times may feel awkward, but it gets easier the more you do it. Show an interest in others, ask them questions, and offer information about your own interests.

## Parents Disapprove



My parents don't like me even looking at boys, but I'm at that age when I'm getting interested in boys. What should I do?

No Name, Please

It's not unusual for you to take an interest in boys. Your parents understand that. But they also know that balance is important. A healthy lifestyle includes time for friends, studies, activities, family, and spiritual reflection.

Look for friends, both boys and girls, who share your values and some of your interests. Work at being the kind of person you want to be. Develop a strong sense of who you are and what's important to you.

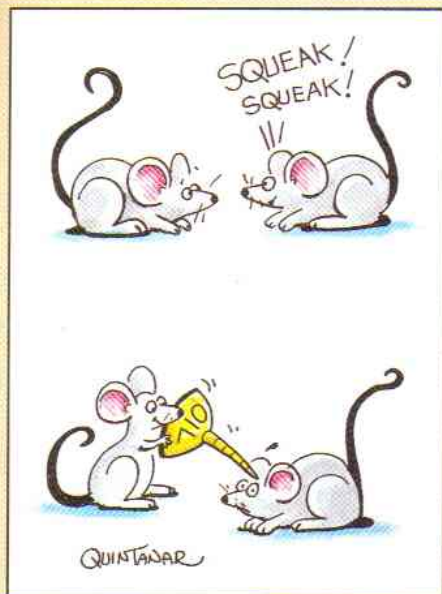
Talk with your parents about how you feel—and about how they feel, too. As you show them that you are responsible, independent from the need for others' approval, and that you have your priorities in order, they will probably worry much less.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to

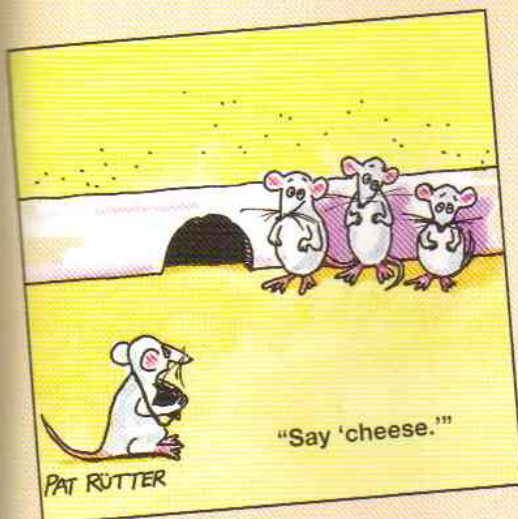
Dear Highlights  
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
803 Church Street  
Honesdale, PA 18431



# Mice Ticklers

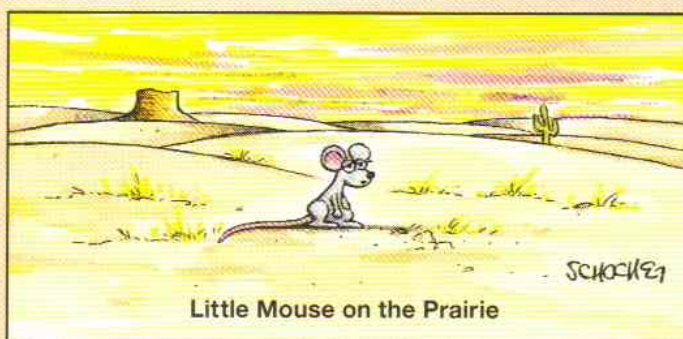


1 How can you spell *mousetrap* in three letters?



**Woman** (finding a mouse in her refrigerator): "What are you doing here, Mouse?"

**Mouse:** "It says Westinghouse on this refrigerator, doesn't it? Well, I'm just westing."



2 Why did the mouse gnaw a hole in the rug?

**Customer:** "When I bought this cat, you told me it was good for mice. Well, it doesn't catch any."

**Pet-shop owner:** "Isn't that good for mice?"

3 Why is a mousetrap like the measles?

**Sam:** "There's a tiny mouse in the kitchen!"

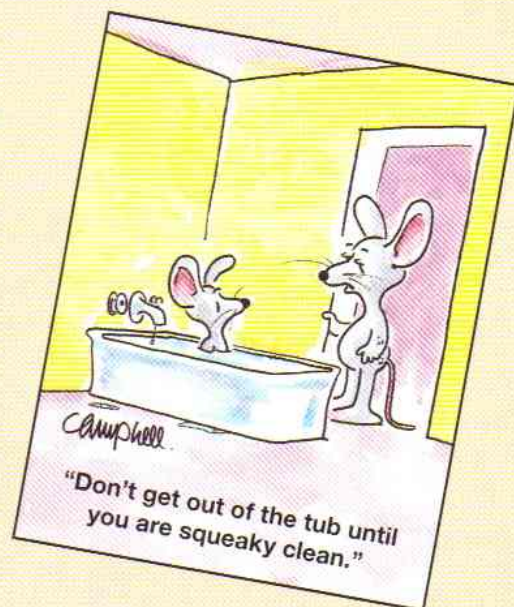
**Clem:** "Leave it there. Tiny mice are lucky."

**Sam:** "This one sure is. It just ate your supper!"

4 How can you make mice cold?

Mr. Mouse was taking his children for a long walk when suddenly a huge cat appeared on the path. "Bow-wow," Mr. Mouse shouted. Frightened, the cat ran away. "You see, my children," Mr. Mouse said, "it really pays to know another language."

5 Where will mice be when the lights go out?



6 If a mouse lost its tail, where would it get a new one?

**Girl:** "My pet mouse can count."

**Boy:** "How do you know?"

**Girl:** "I asked it what two minus two was, and it said nothing."

7 What did the mouse do to another mouse that fell off a wall?



Answers:

1. C-A-T. 2. He wanted to see the floor show. 3. Both are catching. 4. Take away the *m* and they turn into *ice*. 5. In the dark. 6. At a retail store. 7. It performed mouse-to-mouse resuscitation.



# What's Wrong?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

